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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME

AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARY

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands Are Now Making It Themselves — Right at Home — In This New Way

By MARY WALDEN

MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy'. It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl until she married that bank-clerk. I should think he'd feel like—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't noticed me before, but I *had* heard and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I *did* look dowdy and I knew it. There is nothing quite so depressing to a woman as an old hat and old clothes on a bright Sunday morning in Springtime.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry. My cup of bitterness had spilled over, and I needed a few minutes to choke back the tears that wanted to run down my burning cheeks.

I didn't want to make Henry feel worse than he did already about our money situation. My husband is one of the "white-collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been a private secretary, earning a comfortable living for myself, when we had married, and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously. Henry was "old-fashioned," and proud. His wife should never have to "go to work"—so I had gone on skimping and scraping—and wearing "made-overs."

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked homeward that, Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. He sometimes shows no more comprehension of a woman's pride than a care free Airedale puppy. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried:

"If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up and idly began to turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me; holding a bank cheque in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars, but to keep it a secret from my husband. After a while I went out and made up with him, got dinner ready, and we had a happy afternoon together. That night I mailed the coupon from the advertisement to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.

"It helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars"

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitting outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.

I kept the machine in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. While he was at the bank I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first cheque—and oh joy! the thrill of the sight of that first cheque.

Well, I kept on making socks, sending regular shipments to the company, and before very long I presented myself before Henry in the pretty new accordion pleated frock that I had seen advertised in Taylor and Park's sale announcement in the papers.

His mouth opened and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say:

"Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news.

Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"Now listen, dear," I said, gently but firmly, "don't you think it is perfectly ridiculous for us to pretend that you earn enough money—just now? You will, of course, in time—but while things are so expensive, and your salary doesn't keep pace, isn't it fine that I can make this money for the clothes I need, and the little pleasures and necessities we couldn't afford otherwise?"

Then I made my final attack upon Henry's old-fashioned idea that "my wife doesn't have to work."

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that it is the middle class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married women who have taken business positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen, better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would. He said:

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it?"

So I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, quickly clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly, that Henry's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to always take every standard pair I make at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pairs or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how fascinating the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it. So I kept on Auto Knitting, sending the socks I made to the Auto Knitter Company and getting my cheques back promptly for every shipment.

The result was that I didn't have to go without any of the things I needed for myself or little Helen last Fall and Winter, and the Auto Knitter again helped to solve the clothes problem the following Spring and Summer.

All this without being obliged to touch a cent of what I call "the family money"—the money that Henry makes. He is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Toronto, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it, and sometimes to make warm little knitted things for my little girl to wear.

A few evenings ago little Helen was riding on Henry's footand she asked him to sing "a tune" for her, so he made this up, while he looked teasingly at me:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your income grow?
By Auto Knitting hosiery,
And woolen socks all in a row!"

Henry hasn't forgotten that I took up Auto Knitting without asking his advice, but he is glad now that I did, for it helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter Company, an old firmly established Canadian corporation, has an enormous market for good, honest, old-time wool socks, made by hand on the Auto Knitters of their home workers. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each owner of a machine to pay her a liberal, guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis.

This contract leaves you perfectly free—you can work for them as much as you want, or as little—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your cheque—promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit, and you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out agreement to pay you a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good return for your services.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter (Canada) Company, Dept. 13, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, at once and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a part of your spare time will earn for you.

I can never be thankful enough that I didn't put off writing for information about it that Sunday evening when I took the paper away from Henry, and opened it later at the Auto Knitter advertisment.

You will never regret writing for it, either. Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 13, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ontario.

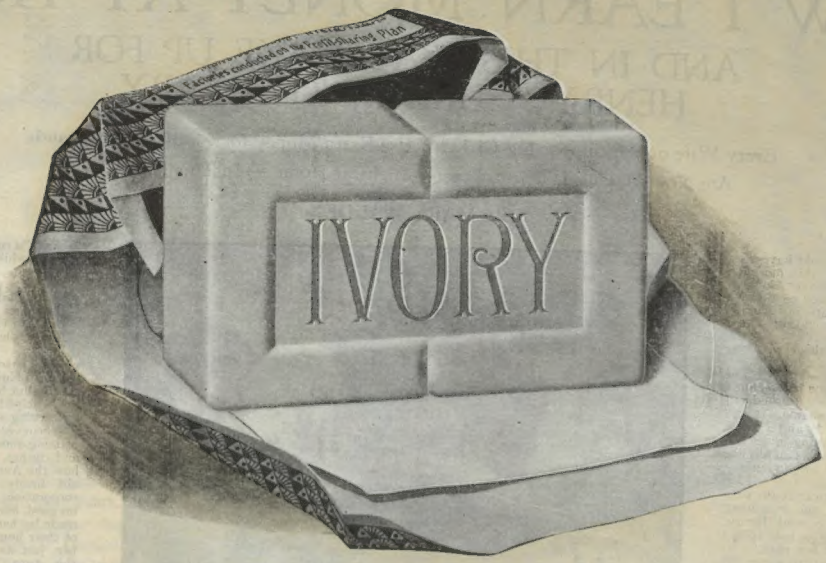
Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 One Cent Stamps postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Province.....



HOW can you decide whether the soap you are using is the best to be had? Though its virtues be suggested in the pictures of pretty faces and extolled in claims almost impossible of fulfillment, the practical man—or woman—determines the *real* worth of a soap by asking these simple questions:

1—Does it lather abundantly?
2—Does it rinse easily?
3—Does it feel mild?
4—Has it the purity to insure perfect safety?
5—Has it the whiteness that indicates highgrade ingredients?
6—Has it the unobtrusive fragrance that refined people prefer?
7—Does it float?

If you must answer "No" to any of these questions, you are not enjoying the greatest possible satisfaction that soap can give.

If your answer is an unqualified "Yes," you undoubtedly are a user of Ivory Soap. All seven of the fundamental qualities that soap should have are developed to so high a degree in Ivory that its superiorities are an open book to its millions of users. They *know* that Ivory is as nearly perfect as soap can be, and they are given fresh proof of it every time they use it for toilet, bath, shampoo, nursery and fine laundry.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE

The White Floating Soap

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Greatest Magazine

Katherine M. Caldwell
Editor

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SOCIAL HYGIENE

THE publicity which has of late been given to the subject of Social Hygiene, marks a change of attitude toward this question which is by no means confined to our own country. There is a world-wide campaign in progress to arouse people everywhere to the necessity for an organized defence against a general menace.

To this end the Health Departments of our Federal and Provincial Governments have taken up the problem very seriously and there has also been established in this country the Canadian National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases.

The progress of the work so far is marked by the increasing facilities for dealing with the medical side of the question; active research, the scientific direction of various branches of the work, the establishment of free clinics, are definite results.

But these measures strike only at *effects*. The real battle lies in detecting and combating *causes*.

Such discussions as we may hear upon the grave economic side of the question or upon the terrible toll upon life and health levied by social disease, impress us with the need for scientific investigation, for government action. But if we grant that the root of real betterment must strike deeper than these, that it lies in the development of the greater moral strength which alone can govern and control so vast an evil—then we sound a challenge for every community, for every home, for every citizen. That challenge is for *Education*.

THE improvement and the safeguarding of the home influence, is the special phase of the problem which presents itself to every parent. The new dangers in the changed world which we realize about us, have made the early home training more vital than it has ever been and have increased the importance of those precious years when the guidance of a child's thought, the moulding of his character, are laying the foundations of future thought and action. And over and above the actual future of that individual is the inestimable total of his influence in the world—either as a source of the strength by which the good he meets is strengthened, or of weakness by which the weaknesses of others are augmented.

It is upon this ground that the scientist, the medical man, the nurse, the social worker, the religious teacher, the legislator, meet.

Education—training—prevention—these are the real weapons in the Social Hygiene Campaign.

This planting and developing of moral principles falls first upon the parents and later upon the teachers and the whole community, as the field of the child's activities widens. In our search for causes, we find our personal responsibilities increasing, for it is clearly demonstrated to us that there is a certain very definite influence traceable to such things as the living conditions of young people, the opportunities for entertainment and recreation, the scope for youthful energy and enthusiasms, the whole question of environment and interests and the exercise of proper authority and wise restraint.

IN his article this month, Dr. Byron Stauffer recalls the fate of the house of Eli—the chief priest, whose house was to be cast down "because his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not."

"And the terrible sentence which the Almighty meted out to this degenerate family is worth our serious notice," Dr. Stauffer continues, "for it is so exactly in keeping with the laws of eugenics that it seems as if it had been written in our own twentieth century, instead of three thousand years ago. Not only were these young men to be deprived of a part in the government, but they were to be punished for their lechery by a bodily and mental deterioration which would leave their offspring weak and degenerate. 'There shall not be an old man in their house,' declared the prophet who carried the news to the derelict priest.....no fine, white haired ruddy-faced old gentlemen would be among them. 'They shall die in the flower of their age,' was the stern sentence. They shall be a hideous-looking set of fragile, twisted, grinning fellows, 'to consume thine heart and grieve thine eyes.' Social disease plays havoc with the expectancy tables of the life insurance company."

Social disease *is* playing havoc to-day amongst our Canadian population—mental, moral and physical havoc horrible beyond description.

Here, indeed, is a broad field for work in every community. Statistics prove that the need is everywhere.

THE EDITOR.

Bab and Babette

By Leslie Gordon Barnard

Illustrated by Manly Macdonald

A story of two little girls who grow to be big girls, and have adventures and troubles and lovers, as real girls do. This is the first of four generous installments.

IT had never occurred to Babette that this business of leaving a place distasteful to her in many ways would be so hard. Jim, the driver of the flivver, would make delivery of Nan, and Jennie, and little Liza—whose diminutive and crippled state had won the sympathetic love of some kind soul—and most of all of Bab and Babette themselves. Being human, one must think of one's own affairs at such a time.

"Huh!" Bab had snorted, in an indignant burst of laughter. "You'd think we were a lot of goods on the shelves of some store, to be delivered to purchasers on approval. Ain't it the deuce of a life bein' an orphan?"

Babette did not think of it just that way. She had not Bab's happy-go-lucky attitude towards life; besides she was only twelve while Bab was all of sixteen, and so quite grown up and not susceptible to the same feelings, perhaps. Babette found that it was going to be hard to part from everything; most of all from Bab. Three years now they had been in the Institute together; Bab herself had known the protection of an orphanage almost from infancy.

Babette sat in the dormitory, on the little iron cot that had been hers for so long, and which she would now need no more, and fingered the tendrils of a trailing plant she had grown, with no little pride, from a tiny sprout to a cascade of green that almost covered the windowsill. Her mind was running back to the time when she had come—a shy, sensitive little creature, numbed by the vicissitudes of life that had thus thrown her, an orphan, upon public charity. The Superintendent had seemed to her a Dragon—a stiff and terrible monster; the place itself, after the refinements to which she had been accustomed, a pallid prison-house; even the sight of marching groups of children, answering the call to the midday meal, was terrible, because the drab uniformity of costuming hurt some inward sense in her.

SHE remembered two outstanding events in this time:

A young lad who seemed to do some kind of occasional work with books in a box-like office, and who smiled at her in such a way that a momentary gleam of light lit up the darkness of her soul.

Also Bab. That was at dinner, when she sat—an object of terrible curiosity conspicuous in her own clothes—among a long tableful of drab inmates. They had joked about her, poked fun at her in the thoughtless, cruel way of children at times, and Bab had spoken sharply.

"Shut your faces, you kids," she had ordered, "or I'll stick your heads under the tap by-an'-by! You'll see!"

That was the second gleam of light in darkness; to be followed by a further flash, when the girl had turned to smile upon the newcomer, and ask:

"What's your name, kid?"

"Babette."

"Naw! You don't say! So's mine!"

"Not really?"

"Surest thing you know. Queer, too, you know, 'cause there ain't many Babette's kickin' round. Why don't you eat, kid?"

"Please, I'm not—hungry!" As a matter of fact the chipped graniteware dishes appalled her. In the kitchen at home they would not have used such things, much less in the dining room.

"Huh!"—thus Bab's comment—"I'll bet you're used to these china affairs to feed off. That's one thing to be thankful for, I guess. I'll have to mark it down in my Blessing Book. They'll give you one, too. You stick down in it all the things you gotta be thankful for, and you better think 'em up quick, or they'll put you on bread-an'-water, like as not, to help you feel in a fittin' state of thankfulness. Anyway I'll put that down. Who's gotta pencil? Oh, here, let's see: 'I am thankful I was brought up poor because now I don't mind eating offen charity dishes!' There, I'll bet that'll fetch 'em!"

"BAB—I CAN'T BEAR TO LEAVE HERE, CAN YOU?"

BABETTE had actually laughed. She had not heard herself laugh for many days now since her father had taken to his bed and never been himself again until the—end came, of which she dare not let herself think; and the neighbors had been kind enough to her, but shaken their heads over her future, especially when the only relatives to whom appeal could be made had refused to take on the liability of the child of a hopeless bankrupt, and a stern-faced person, who it seemed was under some responsibility through ties of kinship, had arranged that she should come to the Institute, and, having discharged this responsibility upon the public, had gone her way in such peace as might attend her narrow soul. It helped a lot that Babette should laugh now.

Bab went with her after the meal was over.

"They call me Bab," she said, "so I guess they'll have to give you the whole Babette so's not to mix us up." I know—let's pretend we're sisters.

"Oh, Bab!" Babette was beautiful when she flushed with pleasure that way, but Bab had not yet reached the stage where her own undoubted good-looks seemed in any way threatened by a rival. "I never had a sister, Bab—I'll be so—grateful if you will be mine."

Thus was an adopted sisterhood accomplished. Bab and Babette thereafter became inseparable.

Something of all this Babette remembered now, and when Bab came hurrying into the dormitory, excited over a dress that was to make her fit for the world-of-the-out-of-doors, the younger girl ran to her, catching her in a quick embrace.

"Bab—I can't bear to leave here, can you?"

"Good grief, child! I'm pawing the ground until I get away. Look at that costume. It isn't all one could ask, but, gee, it's a dream compared with this prison garb outfit! Wait 'till I try it on. There, how do I look?"

"Wonderful, Bab, just wonderful!"

Bab pirouetted before a small mirror. The early charms of young womanhood were coming to lend an intangible something to her sixteen years. Just for a fleeting second the younger girl found in her admiration a suspicion of envy. Then it was swallowed up in other emotions, and she embraced Bab ecstatically again.

"You're the most wonderful sister Bab!" Her face fell again. "But Bab—I wish we could be going to the same home together. Maybe somebody'll be adopting the two of us after all?"

"No chance, I guess!" Bab was busy before the glass again. "Gosh, won't Barry open his eyes when he sees me dolled up this way!"

BARRY! How Babette would miss him too. Always he had for her that same friendly smile that brought into play the twinkle in those clear blue eyes of his, the same nod of his chestnut hair that would be curly for all his efforts. He had never failed her in friendship since that day when first his smile had opened a little of heaven for her. How she had worshipped from afar; watched him each Sunday in the chapel when he came—sometimes with his mother, who, it seemed, was a member of the committee and anxious that her boy should do some charity work in his spare hours—and played the little organ; felt happy, quite unaccountably happy, for hours on end, after his smile had been vouchsafed her; floated on air for days after some real intimacy of conversation had been given her. At twelve years one may have one's dreams—very real, very tender dreams.

"We're going to arrange to meet, and see some shows and things," said Bab airily.

"You and Barry?"

"Sure. Did you think I meant the Big Chief? Say, she's away for a week's trip, did you know? The Under-Dragon is in charge. Tra la—I won't have to kiss her good-bye! I've been scared stiff I'd bounce her a biff by mistake, the old thing! Why, Babette, dearie, what's got you?"

Babette had given way to silent tears.

"I don't want to leave everything, Bab," she whispered. "I'm afraid to go alone to strange people. I don't want to leave my plant, and Minnie and her kittens, an'—and Barry, an' all! And, oh, Bab, I don't want to leave you!"

"Hush, kid—you mustn't take on so! I've been tipped off we're both going to homes in the city here, and like as not we'll be adopted for keeps, and then everything'll be hunky-dory, and I'll come and visit you, and you'll come and visit me, and we'll have the grandest time. And maybe they'll let you take your plant with you."

"Oh, do you think so, Bab? And you'll always be a sister to me, Bab?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"Oh, Bab, I'm so glad! And I'll always be a sister to you, forever and ever, whatever happens!"

The familiar gong sounded then. They hurried down, hand in hand, to the last meal of all together.

II

THE Institution is an outcropping of civilized society against which none should indiscriminately throw stones. It represents public provision for cases where the home, for good reason or bad, has ceased to be or to care, and where society must substitute as best it may for that which really admits of no sufficient substitution.

There are also, at times, unhappy errors made. The care of the children in an orphanage, for instance, is sometimes committed to a being whose maternal sense, if it ever existed, has been crushed into nothingness by the irksome round of harassing duty. It is a task that none should undertake but those who have a sublimity of character, in which efficiency and a sort of vicarious mother love exist in well-balanced proportions. Even granted these happy qualifications, the hands of superintendence may be amost hopelessly tied by well-meaning but misguided committees or councils of management.

In the Institution to whose charitable care Babette had been entrusted, the committee in charge regularly inspected the place with fatuous complacency, saw that the handsome mottoes provided by a wealthy contributor—who gave little more—informed all and sundry that "The Lord Will Provide," and went away and left the matter very largely in the hands of the Almighty, whose ineffective agents they thus became. The larger motto, just over the entrance way in the small lobby, by the bare little office, was also a source of satisfaction. "God Bless Our Home," it said, and the Committee, looking upon it, went their way in smug satisfaction, to enjoy a real home life which a long-suffering Providence had sanctioned. Let no one, either, cast too many stones at this committee of ladies and gentlemen: they discharged, in their misguided way, responsibilities which the stone-thrower may not have lifted with a little finger.

The matter of the disposition of the orphans was left very largely to the judgment of the superintendent, a woman who should never have been given charge, but who plodded painfully on with a stern sense of duty, and who came in time to regard her charges very much in the light of a gardener who follows the profession from necessity and not from choice and love of flowers.

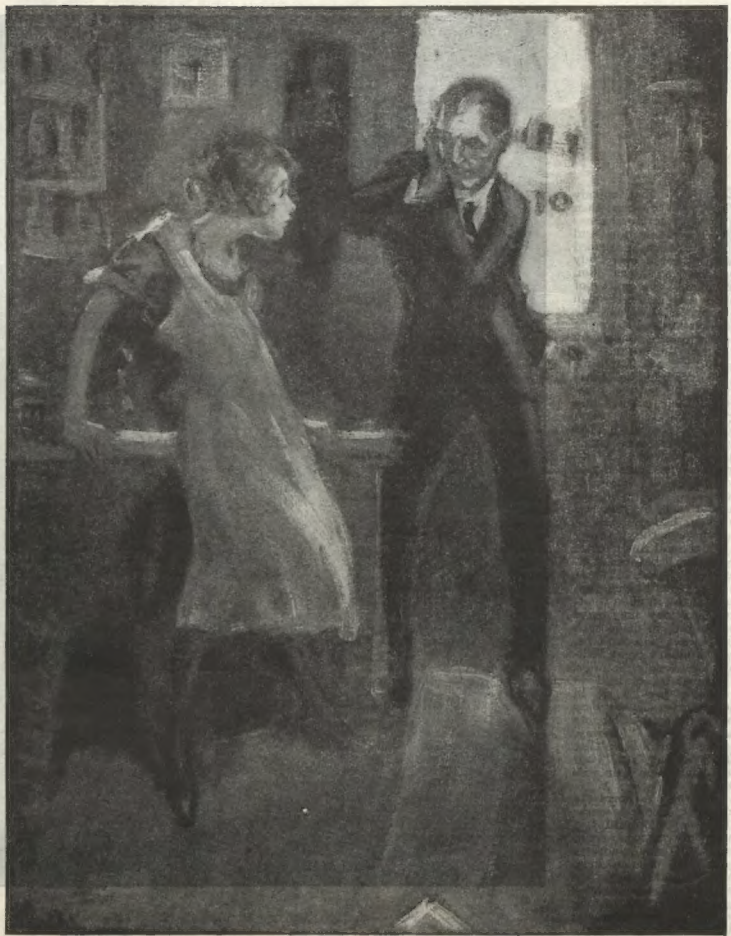
WHEN the time seemed fitting to transplant her flowers of childhood, and the occasion arose, she lifted hand of authority and set them in such places as seemed most expedient. To have one of her number adopted into a home, and thus taken from her care, was an occasion for rejoicing. She courted this kind of thing assiduously; and had even instituted a system of "trial" by which homes desiring to adopt children might have them sent to them for a period of probation, following which the official seal might be put upon the transaction, or otherwise. The height of her happiness lay in presenting, at the end of each year, a report of the number of orphans duly installed in homes of adoption, and her stern features knew no more softening influence than the murmur of approval from gentle voices:

"My dear, isn't it wonderful to think so many of our dear little folk have been found such lovely homes?"

The fact that Jim, the chauffeur, was ready with the car for transportation of a quintette of orphans that afternoon, showed that, if she were away herself, her cherished project was well cared for in her absence. Miss Parks had, in fact, examined applications, and selected candidates for adoption, prior to leaving for her holiday. Bab's "Under-Dragon" was left with full instructions.

Each candidate had a pitiful little valise with her, and was dubiously happy over the prospect of a new home; but undoubtedly happy over the delights of a drive, and the new dresses provided.

It so happened that Nan, and Jennie, and little Liza, the cripple, were each "delivered" at their doors before the turn came of Bab and Babette. It was a thrilling matter, this watching for the houses, and speculating what the place would be like. Hearts were brightened and cheered by houses with pretty lawns and gardens, however humble, and smiling faces that brought greetings for the "orphans on trial." Babette quite cheered up, especially as the memory of Barry's smiling reply, and brave words of encouragement, were in her consciousness.



"LITTLE TIGER CAT!" HE STROKED HIS REDDENED CHEEK, HALF-JOKINGLY, HALF-ANGRILY

Bab's turn came next.

"Oh, golly, Babette, look—for the love of Pharoah's daughter's adopted son,—cast your eyes on my humble-home-to-be! Isn't it gee-orgious? Look at the driveway, an' the garadge, an' the garden behind, an' all!"

BABETTE was silent. She was just drinking it all in. Once she had lived, out in the country, it is true, but in a house with grounds not less beautiful than these. And when a trim maid opened the door, and a motherly woman forgot her dignity enough to run out—Babette did not know it was the housekeeper—tears of happy memory and of joy that Bab, her adopted sister Bab, should have such a home as this, came flooding.

"I'll be a blooming lady!" said Bab, in an aside.

"I'm so happy for you, Bab," cried Babette, but held to her as though afraid to let her go. "I'll come and see you soon, Bab dear—just as soon as—they'll let me. P'raps they'll bring me. They may know your people, too."

"Sure!" agreed Bab, and kissed her in return, but it was a light caress for such a parting, and Babette saw her almost fly into the house in the wake of the waiting woman, as though anxious to be engulfed in this new life opening before her.

Then Jim's car carried Babette away down the driveway, towards her own door of welcome.

Fine streets of houses gave way to shops, and shops to factories, and factories to cheap streets, where long rows of dwellings showed a uniformity of design that reminded her so of the drab uniform she had escaped that she almost laughed and clapped her hands.

It occurred to her, as she saw more streets of similar bareness stretching before her, that her home must be a long way off from Bab's, because no sign of such houses as the others had gone to were here.

Then the car stopped, and Jim seemed to be examining an address on his card. Finally he grunted, and turned into a little cul-de-sac, in which ten houses aside, frowsy places, stained with weather and the grime of factories, grim with a bare stoniness, clustered.

A horrible fear gripped Babette.

Jim seemed very gruff about something, which was not like his cheery, good-natured self.

"Here you are, little lady, No. 10 it is!"

The house nearest that great brick factory wall at the end! A desolate looking house. Not even a geranium in the window, or a cat lying on the doorstep, as at the house on the corner.

"It's well," said Babette bravely,—"It's well I brought my plant, isn't it?"

Jim did not answer. He seemed to be scowling at her, almost, as he watched her greeted by a slovenly, stout woman who bade her "hurry up and come in." He did manage a kindly smile to match the brave one she gave him before the door closed upon her. It seemed terrible when the familiar, friendly chugging of his car ceased to be heard, and she was left—alone.

III

IT was that same day that Barry Campbell approached the "Under-Dragon."

"Miss Jarnley," he commenced, with some hesitation. For some time there had been about her an air that suggested storm and stress.

"Well?"—sharply.

"There's something—about Babette. Babette Willisdon, you know, not Bab Stockley."

Miss Jarnley turned on him with a sudden inexplicable anger.

"I don't want to hear!" she told him. "If there's anything, attend to it yourself. Can't you see I'm busy, Barry?"

As a matter of fact Miss Jarnley had been sitting for

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Holding Hands

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by W. B. King

AT first nobody knew him; then the Hotchkisses knew him, and then it seemed as if everybody had always known him. He had run the gantlet of gossip and come through without a scratch. He was first noticed sitting in the warm corner made by Willcox's annex and the covered passage that leads to the main building. Pairs or trios of people, bare-headed, their tennis clothes (it was a tennis year) mostly covered from view by clumsy coonskin coats, passing Willcox's in dilapidated runabouts drawn by uncurried horses, a nigger boy sitting in the back of each, his thin legs dangling, had glimpses of him through the driveway gap in the tall Amor privet hedge that is between Willcox's and the road. These pairs or trios having seen would break in upon whatever else they may have been saying to make such remarks as: "He can't be, or he wouldn't be at Willcox's"; or, contradictorily: "He must be, or he'd do something besides sit in the sun"; or, "Don't they always have to drink lots of milk?"; or, "Anyway, they're quite positive that it's not catching"; or, "Poor boy, what nice hair he's got."

With the old-timers the newcomer, whose case was otherwise so doubtful, had one thing in common a coonskin coat. It was handsome of its kind, unsually long, voluminous and black. The upturned collar came above his ears, and in the opening his face showed thin and white, and his eyes, always intent upon the book in his lap, had a look of being closed. Two things distinguished him from other men: his great length of limb, and the color and close cropped, almost molded effect of his hair. It was the color of old Domingo mahogany, and showed off the contour of his fine round head with excellent effect.

The suspicion that this interesting young man was a consumptive was set aside by Willcox himself. He told Mrs. Bainbridge, who asked (on account of her little children who, et cetera, et cetera) that Mr. Masters was recuperating from a very stubborn attack of typhoid. But was Mr. Willcox quite sure? Yes, Mr. Willcox had to be sure of just such things. So Mrs. Bainbridge drove out to Miss Langrais' tea at the golf club, and passed on the glad tidings with an addition of circumstantial detail. Mister Masters (people found that it was quite good fun to say this, with assorted intonations) had been sick for many months at—she thought—the New York Hospital. Sometimes his temperature had touched a hundred and fifteen degrees and sometimes he had not had any temperature at all. There was quite a romance involved, "his trained nurse, my dear, not one of the ordinary creatures, but a born lady in impoverished circumstances," et cetera, et cetera. And later, when even Mister Masters himself had contradicted these brightly colored statements, Mrs. Bainbridge continued to believe them. Even among wealthy and idle women she was remarkable for the number of impossible things she could believe before breakfast, and after. But she never made these things seem even half plausible to others, and so she wasn't dangerous.

Mister Masters never remembered to have passed so lonely and dreary a February. The Sunny South was a medicine that had been prescribed and that had to be swallowed. Aiken on the label had looked inviting enough, but he found the contents of the bottle distasteful in the extreme. "The South is sunny," he wrote to his mother, "but oh, my great jumping grandmother, how seldom! And it's cold, mummy, like being beaten with whips. And it rains—well, if it rained cats and dogs a fellow wouldn't mind. Maybe they'd speak to him, but it rains solid cold water, and it hits the windows the way waves hit the portholes at sea; and the only thing that stops the rain is a wind that comes all the way from Alaska for the purpose. In protected corners the sun has a certain warmth. But the other morning the waiter put my milk on the wrong side of my chair, in the shade, namely, and when I went to drink it it was frozen solid. You were right about the people here all being kind; they are all the same kind. I know them all now—by sight; but not by name, except, of course, some who are stopping at Willcox's. We have had three ice storms—*'kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen.'* I am getting to *kennst* it very well. But Willcox, who keeps a record of such things, says that this is the coldest winter Aiken has known since last winter!

"But in spite of all this there is a truth that must be spoken. I feel a thousand times better and stronger than when I came. And yesterday, exercising in the privacy of my room, I discovered that there are once more calves upon my legs. This is truth, too. I have no one to talk to but your letters. So don't stint me. Stint me with money if you can (here I defy you) but for the love of heaven keep me posted. If you will promise to write every day I will tell you the name of the prettiest girl in Aiken. She goes by eight times every day, and she looks my way out of the corner of her eye. And I pretend to be reading and try very hard to look handsome and interesting.... Mother!..... just now I rested my hand on the arm of my chair and the wood felt hot to the touch! It's high noon and the sun's been on it since eight o' clock, but still it seems very wonderful. Willcox says that the winter is practically over; but I begged him not to hurry....."

Such was the usual trend of his letters. But that one dated March 7th began with the following astonishment statement:

"I love Aiken....." and went on to explain why.

BUT Mister Masters was not allowed to love Aiken until he had come through the whole gantlet of gossip. It had first been suggested that he was a consumptive and a menace ("though of course one feels terribly sorry for them, my dear"). This had been disproved. Then it was spread about that he belonged to a wealthy family of Masters from the upper west side ("very well in their way, no doubt, and the backbone of the country, my dear, but one doesn't seem to get on with them, and I shouldn't think they'd come to Aiken of all places"). But a gentleman who knew the west side Masters, root and branch, shook his head to this; and went so far as to say, "Not much, he isn't"; and went further and shuddered. Then it got about that Mister Masters was poor (and that made people suspicious of him). Then it got about that he was rich (and that made them even more so). Then that he wrote for a living (and that was nearly as bad as to say that he cheated at cards—or at least it was the kind of thing that *they* didn't do). And then, finally, the real truth about him, or something like it, got out; and the hatchet of suspicion was buried, and there was peace in Aiken. In that Aiken of whose peace the judge, referring to a pock-marked mulatto girl, had thundered that it should not be disturbed for any woman—"no—not even were she Helen of Troy."

This was the truth that got out about Mister Masters. He was a nephew of the late Bishop Masters. His mother, on whom he was dependent, was very rich; she had once been prominent in society. He was thirty, and was good at games. He did not work at anything.

So he was something that Aiken could understand and appreciate; a young man, who was well born, who didn't have to work—and who didn't *want* to.

But old Mrs. Hotchkiss did not know of these things when, one bright day in passing Willcox's (she was on one good foot, one rheumatic foot and a long black cane with a gold handle) she noticed the young man pale and rather sad-looking in his fur coat and steamer rug, his eyes on his book, and stopped abruptly and spoke to him through the gap in the hedge.

"I hope you'll forgive an old woman for scraping an acquaintance," she piped in her brisk, cheerful voice, but I want to know if you're getting better, and I thought the best way was to stop and ask."

Mister Masters' steamer rug fell from about his long

legs and his face became rosy, for he was very shy.

"Indeed I am," he said, "ever so much. And thank you for asking."

"I'm tired," said the old lady, "of seeing you always sitting by yourself, dead tired of it. I shall come for you this afternoon at four in my carriage, and take you for a drive....."

"It was abrupt," Mister Masters wrote to his mother, "but it was kind. When I had done blushing and scraping with my feet and pulling my forelock, we had the nicest little talk. And she remembered you in the old days at Lenox, and said why hadn't I told her before. And then she asked if I liked Aiken, and, seeing how the land lay, I lied and said I loved it. And she said that that was her nice, sensible young fellow, or words to that effect. And then she asked me why, and I said because it has such a fine climate; and then she laughed in my face, and said that I was without reverence for her age—not a man—a scalawag.

"And do you know, Mrs. Hotchkiss is like one of those magic keys in fairy stories? All doors open to her. Between you and me I have been thinking Aiken's floating population snobbish, purse-proud and generally absurd. And instead, the place seems to exist so that kindness and hospitality may not fail on earth. Of course I'm not up to genuine sprees, such as dining out and sitting up till half past ten or eleven. But I can go to luncheons, and watch other people play tennis, and poke about gardens with old ladies, and guess when particular flowers will be out, and learn the names of birds and of hostile bushes that prick and of friendly bushes that don't.

"All the cold weather has gone to glory; and it's really spring because the roosters crow all night. Mrs. Hotchkiss says it's because they are roosters and immoral. But I think they're crowing because they've survived the winter. I am....."

AIKEN took a great fancy to Mister Masters. First because Aiken was giving him a good time; and second because he was really good company when you got him well cornered, and his habitual fright had worn off. He was the shyest, most frightened six-footer in the memory of Aiken. If you spoke to him suddenly he blushed, and if you prepared him by first clearing your throat he blushed just the same. And he had a crooked, embarrassed smile that was a delight to see.

But gradually he became almost at ease with nearly everybody; and in the shyest, gentlest way enjoyed himself hugely. But the prettiest girl in Aiken had very hard work with him.

As a stag fights when brought to bay, so Mister Masters when driven into a corner could talk as well and as freely as the next man; but on his own initiative there was, as we Americans say, "nothing doing." Whether or not the prettiest girl in Aiken ever rolled off a log is unknown; but such an act would have been no more difficult for her than to corner Mister Masters. The man courted cornering, especially by her. But given the desired situation, neither could make anything of it. Mister Masters' tongue became forthwith as helpless as a man tied hand and foot and gagged. He had nothing with which to pay for the delight of being cornered but his rosiest, steadiest blush and his crookedest and most embarrassed smile. But he retained a certain activity of mind and within himself was positively voluble with what he would say if he only could.

I don't mean that the pair sat or stood or walked in absolute silence. Indeed, little Miss Blythe could never be silent for a long period nor permit it in others, but I mean that with the lines and the machinery of a North Atlantic liner, their craft of propinquity made about as much progress as a scow. Nevertheless, though neither was really aware of this, each kept saying things that cannot be put into words, to the other; otherwise the very first cornering of Mister Masters by little Miss Blythe must have been the last. But even as it was way back at the beginning of things, and always will be, Beauty spoke to Handsome and Handsome up and spoke back.

"No," said little Miss Blythe, upon being sharply cross-questioned by Mrs. Hotchkiss, "he practically never does say anything."

Mrs. Hotchkiss dug a little round hole in the sand with her long black cane, and made an insulting face at little Miss Blythe.

"Some men," said she, "can't say boo to a goose."

If other countries produce girls like little Miss Blythe, I have never met a specimen; and I feel very sure that foreign young ladies do not become personages at the age of seventeen. When she met Mister Masters she had been a personage for six years, and it was time for her to yield her high place to another; to marry, to bear children and to prove that all the little matters for which she was celebrated were merely passing phases and glitterings of a character which fundamentally was composed of simple and noble traits.

Little Miss Blythe had many brothers and sisters; no money, as we reckon money; and only such prospects as she herself might choose from innumerable offers. She was little; her figure looked best in athletic clothes (low neck didn't do well with her, because her face was tanned so brown) and she was strong and quick as a pony. All the year round she kept herself in the pink of condition ("overkept herself", some said) dancing, walking, running, swimming, playing all games and eating to match. She had a beautiful clean-cut face, not delicate and to be hidden and coaxed by veils and soft things, but a face that looked beautiful above a severe Eton collar, and at any distance. She had the bright, wide eyes of a collected athlete, unbelievably blue, and the whites of them were only matched for whiteness by her teeth (the deep tan of her skin heightened this effect, perhaps); and it was said by one admirer that if she were to be in a dark room and were to press the button of a kodak and to smile at one and the same instant, there would be a picture taken.

She had friends in almost every country-clubbed city in America. Whenever, and almost wherever, a horse show was held she was there to show the horses of some magnate or other to the best advantage. Between times she won tennis tournaments and swimming matches, or tried her hand at hunting or polo (these things in secret because her father had forbidden them), and the people who continually pressed hospitality upon her said that they were repaid a thousandfold. In the first place, it was a distinction to have her. "Who are the Ebers?" "Why, don't you know? They are the people Miss Blythe is stopping with."

She was always good-natured; she never kept anybody waiting; and she must have known five thousand people well enough to call them by their first names. But what really distinguished her most from other young women was that her success in inspiring others with admiration and affection was not confined to men; she had the same effect upon all women, old and young, and all children.

FOOLISH people said that she had no heart, merely because no one had as yet touched it. Wise people said that when she did fall in love sparks would fly. Hitherto her friendships with men, whatever the men in question may have wished, had existed upon a basis of good-natured banter, and prowess in games. Men were absolutely necessary to Miss Blythe to play games with, because women who could "give her a game" were rare as ivory-billed woodpeckers. It was even thought by some, as an instance, that little Miss Blythe could beat the famous Miss May Sutton once out of three times at lawn tennis. But Miss Sutton, with the good-natured and indomitable aggression of her genius, set this supposition at rest. Little Miss Blythe could not beat Miss Sutton once out of three or three hundred times. But for all that, little Miss Blythe was a splendid player and a master of strokes and strategy.

Nothing would have astonished her world more than to learn that little Miss Blythe had a secret, darkly hidden quality of which she was dreadfully ashamed. At heart she was nothing if not sentimental and romantic. And often when she was thought to be sleeping the dreamless sleep of the trained athlete who stores up energy for the morrow's contest, she was sitting at the windows in her nightgown, looking at the moon (in

Our Lady of Twilight.

When day is past and the shadows grow
Our Lady of Twilight steals soft and slow
From the starlit gardens of Paradise,
Bringing her dreams to weary eyes.

The misty, moonbeam paths are sweet
With the silvery chiming of her feet,
And the dusk is full of murmurings,
Faint and lovely, of unseen wings.

In the garden close at sight of her
The tall white lilies are all astir,
And she walks among them with dreaming eyes
Filled with the joy of Paradise.

So, nightly adown the moonbeam stair,
With the winds of slumber in her hair,
Bringing her dreams to weary men,
Our Lady of Twilight comes again.

NORAH HOLLAND.

hers) and weaving all sorts of absurd adventures about herself and her particular fancy of the moment.

It would be a surprise and pleasure to some men, a tragedy perhaps to others, if they should learn that little Miss Blythe had fancied them all at different times, almost to the boiling point, and that in her own deeply concealed imagination Jim had rescued her from pirates and Jack from a burning hotel, or that just as her family were selling her to a rich widower John had appeared on his favorite hunter and carried her off. The truth is that little Miss Blythe had engaged in a hundred love affairs concerning which no one but herself was the wiser.

And at twenty-three it was high time for her to marry and settle down. First because she couldn't go on playing games and showing horses forever, and second because she wanted to. But with whom she wanted to marry and settle down, she could not for the life of her have said. Sometimes she thought that it would be with Mr. Blagdon. He *was* rich, and he *was* a widower; but wherever she went he managed to go, and he had some of the finest horses in the world, and he wouldn't take no for an answer. Sometimes she said to the moon:

"I'll give myself a year, and if at the end of that time I don't like anybody better than Bob, why....." Or, in a different mood, "I'm tired of everything I do; if he happens to ask me to-morrow I'll say yes." Or, "I've ridden his horses, and broken his golf clubs, and borrowed his guns (and he won't lend them to anybody else) and I suppose I've got to pay him back." Or, "I really *do* like him a lot." or "I really don't like him at all."

Then there came into this young woman's life Mister Masters. And he blushed his blush, and smiled his crooked smile and looked at her when she wasn't looking at him (and she knew that he was looking) and was unable to say as much as "Boo" to her; and in the hidden springs of her nature that which she had always longed for happened, and became, and was. And one night she said to the moon: "I know it isn't proper for me to be so attentive to him, and I know everybody is talking about it, but—" and she rested her beautiful brown chin on her shapely, strong, brown hands, and a tear like a diamond stood in each of her unbelievably blue eyes, and she looked at the moon, and said: "But it's Harry Masters or—*bust!*"

MR. BOB BLAGDON, the rich widower, had been content to play a waiting game; for he knew very well that beneath her good nature, little Miss Blythe had a proud temper and was to be won rather by the man who should make himself indispensable to her than by him who should be forever pestering her with speaking and pleading his cause. She is an honest girl, he told himself, and without thinking of consequences she is always putting herself under obligations to me. Let her ride down lover's lane with young Blank or young Dash, she will not be able to forget that she is on my favorite mare. In his soul he felt a certain proprietorship in little Miss Blythe; but to this his ruddy, dark mustached face and slow moving eyes were a screen.

Mr. Blagdon had always gone after what he wanted in a kind of slow, indifferent way that begot confidence in himself and in the beholder; and (in the case of Miss Blythe) a kind of panic in the object sought. She liked him because she was used to him, and because he could and would talk sense upon subjects which interested her. But she was afraid of him because she knew that he expected her to marry him some day, and because she knew that other people, including her own family, expected this of her. Sometimes she felt ready to take unto herself all the horses and country places and automobiles and yachts, and in a life lived regardless of expense to bury and forget her better self. But more often, like a fly caught in a spider's web, she wished by one desperate effort (even should it cost her a wing, to carry out the figure) to free herself once and forever from the entanglement.

It was pleasant enough in the web. The strands were soft and silky; they held rather by persuasion than by force. And had it not been for the spider she could have lived out her life in the web without any very desperate regrets. But it was never quite possible to forget the spider; and that in his own time he would approach slowly and deliberately, sure of himself and of little Miss Fly.....

But, after all, the spider in the case was not such a terrible fellow. Just because a man wants a girl that doesn't want him, and means to have her, he hasn't necessarily earned a hard name. Such a man as often as not becomes one half of a very happy marriage. And Mr. Bob Blagdon was considered an exceptionally good fellow. In his heart, though I have never heard him say so openly, I think he actually looked down on people who gambled and drank to excess, and who were uneducated and had acquired (whatever they may have been born with) perfectly empty heads. I think that he had a sound and sensible virtue; one ear for one side of an argument, and one for the other.

There is no reason to doubt that he was a good husband to his first wife, and wished to replace her with little Miss Blythe, not to supplant her. To his three young children he was more of a grandfather than a father; though strong-willed and even stubborn, he was unable half the time to say no to them. And I have seen him going on all fours with the youngest child perched on his back kicking him in the ribs and urging him to canter. So if he intended by the strength of his will and of his riches to compel little Miss Blythe to marry (and to be happy with him; he thought he could

(Continued on page 29)

"Everyone that is left in thine house shall come and crouch for a morsel of bread"

Wherein Are Parents To Blame?

For the Unnatural Mode of Life, the Lax Standards, the Recklessness, Which Have Brought About A Moral Crisis

By Byron Stauffer

IN the enquiries concerning the present state of morals, which I reported in February's "Everywoman's World," three cardinal facts seem pretty well established:

There is a present moral crisis.

History encourages us to hope that it is temporary.

Our recovery depends on immediate and thorough efforts on our part.

The younger generation of today may be likened to a lamb tethered near the edge of a precipice. The tether is parental precept and example; the precipice is moral ruin resulting from social irresponsibility. The haunting question is, Will the Tether Hold?

I am quite certain that, for this present-day dissoluteness, parents must take their full share of blame. Their sin is not immorality, *but* UNmorality. They have ceased to take fright at the old-time dogmas threatening them with the dire consequences of non-observance of certain salutary religious rules, and have not the higher motive of protecting the human race from a hell far surer and more terrible—the hell of a degenerate race. They completely lack the instinct of even the honey bee, whose motto is, Everything for the hive!

Negatively moral, they are not *aggressively* moral. They feel no indignation at sin, so long as it is voluptuous. During the war, we had several instances of a whole neighborhood going out to wreak summary vengeance on some disloyal babbler who had insulted the flag. So too, we occasionally hear of a church riot when the ecclesiastical institutions of a community have been slurred. I sometimes wish the same fervor would be shown when the moral sense of a people is offended by some peddler of filth or a small coterie of vicious folly-seekers. Too often, in a moral crisis, some otherwise good citizens will show that they are entirely destitute of righteous anger.

THIS, I think, is the logical result of an age of doubt. A large proportion of people have absolutely no theory of life, no creed, no basic convictions to live by. They refuse to be led by the clergy, because they do not believe in the sincerity of the church's leaders. The doubts which harass the thinking layman, his pastor doggedly refuses to entertain for a moment. The result is an aimless floundering. And such a parent has little to offer his child except the epicurean dictum, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Not that the type I have mentioned is dominant here in Canada, but across the international border it certainly is, and, unless all signs fail, the same deadening indifference is fast developing in our midst. The process of alienation from the church is gradual and silent but, in the absence of some tremendous revival of wide-spread influence, the mass of our Protestant population must soon be as sheep without shepherds.

All this has contributed to the *laissez faire* attitude of the parent of today. Long ago, Mr. Roosevelt spoke of *cuckoo parents*, likening fathers and mothers who expect the school teacher, the Y.M.C.A. secretary and the Sunday School superintendent to look after the morals of their children to the freak bird which lay its eggs in the nests of birds of a more maternal nature. The modern father and mother might be called *Eli parents*. Do you recall the striking announcement that the house of Eli the high priest was to be cast down "because his sons made themselves vile, *and he restrained them not.*" This whole story of the family of Eli is so apropos to the present situation that we may well afford to study it closely. When you seek for precedents in government, read Gibbon's Rome; when you want examples of all possible moral crises, go to the Jews.

Eli was a good man, conscientious in his dealings, true to his narrower duties as head of the Hebrew theocracy. I like to think of him as having the dignity of an Archbishop of Canterbury. But after onlookers commented on his noble bearing and earnest manner, I am sure they must have added, "Is it not a pity that he has such scoundrels for sons?" He was a pure man, this Israelitish leader. One day he saw a woman acting strangely in the temple. Apparently she was intoxicated and he rebuked her then and there. She protested that she was sober; she was only praying in great earnestness for a son. Eli at once saw his terrible mistake and became tender as a woman. He was magnanimous, too. The child born to this woman, Hannah, became his acolyte. And when Eli learned that his administration was about to come to an end, and that the boy Samuel was to figure largely in the new government, he did not show rage nor envy, but kept the coming man with him, showing him tenderness and esteem.

No, there is absolutely no fault to be found with Eli except that as a parent he was a stupendous failure. Isn't that modern? You have seen such—kindly, generous, personally pure men and women—who succeeded in everything—Sunday School teaching and even lecturing on these very problems—except how to bring up their progeny; there they fell down hopelessly.

The sins of Eli's sons were grafting and gross immorality. They stole the very sacrifices offered on Israel's altar. They made the temple courts a rendezvous for licentiousness. They corrupted the populace and set a fast pace in scandalous living. And in all this, we are told that Eli, their father *restrained them not.* He made weak attempts at chiding them, it is recorded; he said, "Boys, this is too bad; you mustn't; please don't;" but to use stern measures, to cast out the priestly scoundrels, to cleanse the temple portals of their lecherous presence, was beyond his capacity for discipline.

AND the terrible sentence which the Almighty meted out to this degenerate family is worth our serious notice. For it is so exactly in keeping with the laws of eugenics that it seems as if it had been written in our own Twentieth Century instead of three thousand years ago. Not only were these young men to be deprived of a part in the government, but they were to be punished for their lechery by a bodily and mental deterioration which would leave their offspring weak and degenerate. "There shall not be an old man in thine house," declared the prophet who carried the dreadful news to the derelict priest. No fine, white-haired, ruddy-faced old gentlemen would be among them. "They shall all die in the flower of their age," was the stern sentence. They shall be a hideous -looking set of fragile, twisted, grinning fellows—"to consume thine heart and grieve thine eyes." Social disease plays havoc with the expectancy tables of the life insurance company.

But here is the most startling prophecy concerning Eli's house. You have often quoted the saying, "Only three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves." Well, see the same thought here couched in a terrible picturesqueness:

"And it shall come to pass, that every one that is left in thine house shall come and crouch to him, (the new leader) for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread, and shall say, Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priests' offices, that I may eat a piece of bread."

They will pass the hat! They will sell pencils and shoe-strings on the street-corners! They will open the doors of Packards at hotel entrances and hold out their supine hands for a penny! They will follow well-dressed men and whine, "Would you please give me the price of a sandwich!" This is always the penalty which soft indulgence brings. A father of Spartan self-discipline makes his pile; unless he is as stern with his children as he was with himself, they will surely revert to type, with the additional punishment which degeneracy always inflicts.

And more: there would only be a remnant left, said the prophet. The birth-rate would go down, as it always does in luxurious living. This is, however, Nature's precaution against an inferior human race. The law of eugenics is now, as always; "Make Good or Make Room!" It was so in this case. Jehovah declared that "I will raise me up a faithful priest, that shall do according to that which is in mine heart, and I will build him a sure house." That is the redeeming feature of the tragedy of Eli parents. The process of natural selection and the survival of the fittest goes constantly on, and if there is in our hearts one atom of the old Jewish pride in continuing their families in sturdiness and prosperity we must obey Nature's laws.

SO, if you search for the missing link between moral parents and immoral children, you will nearly always find it to be this Eli sin of lack of restraint. I say, nearly always, for of course it is possible that environment outside the home will sometimes neutralize the best parental influence. In my city we have just had a sickening revelation of youthful depravity in the exposure of the successful attempt of a syndicate of high school boys to procure by bribery and theft a complete series of the matriculation examination papers which they were about to write on. Among about fifteen lads a corruption fund of five hundred dollars was raised.

Entirely destitute of righteous anger

Then followed midnight automobile journeys to various towns in connection with the project, renting of hotel rooms, and other items testifying to the too-early liberty of action and abnormal freedom in the use of money allowed these lads by their prosperous parents. Otherwise it would be cruel to lay the blame indiscriminately on all of the thirty parents involved. But this fact projected plainly; the youths were given too much money, too much use of automobiles, and too much liberty at midnight.

Eli parents forget that the world's heroes, artists, inventors and magnates, have all been compelled to climb the hill of tremendous effort, disciplining themselves in the use of time, food and money. How unthinking, then, are the people who indulge their children in softness and self-indulgence. We have become altogether too fearful of applying the rod of chastisement, whether the rod be physical or mental. Mothers should be glad to have their children endure hardship knowing it is for their good.

The first requisite of wholesome restraint is that it must be begun early; I should say about the first month!

(*Continued on page 47*)

MARK STEERED FOR MY BANK, WHILE ANGELA FACED ME

The Unexpectedness of Mark

By Margaret Hilda Wise

Illustrated by Stella Grier

THE only trouble with Mark was that you always knew exactly what he was going to do or say. He never disappointed you by doing the unexpected. But that was before the War.

The first time he appeared in polite society—meaning, of course, *our* society—after the War, was one week-end when we were entertaining a house-full of assorted people down at Crowley Court. Angela and the Shrimp were playing tennis. Angela is my sister, and not a bad one, at that. The Shrimp is so-called because of his complexion. His devotion to tennis amounts to a passion. At the moment, I was busily engaged in doing nothing in particular. It was a hot afternoon, and ambition of any kind had deserted me.

The Shrimp was in the act of serving when he caught sight of Mark coming up the drive, behind me. There was a loud cry of,

"What ho! A blinking warrior!" and the Shrimp was over the somewhat-sagging tennis net before I could turn around. What followed resembled a "footer" scrimmage more than anything else, with Angela hovering on the edge. Finally, the Shrimp and I found ourselves each in possession of one of Mark's hands, working it up and down furiously—this being the outward and visible sign of our extreme pleasure in seeing him again.

"Where *have* you been all this time, you old blighter?"—I think it was I who asked the question.

"Where do you suppose?" Mark was grinning cheerfully, and his teeth looked very white in the midst of his heavy tan.

"Five to one," said the Shrimp to me, "five to one, this conscientious old brute has been up fighting the blooming Bolshies. Any takers?"

"Right you are," Mark put in, before I could answer. "Couldn't get enough excitement across the Channel. So *après la guerre* in France I went off to look for some more. Angela, I'm dev—I'm awfully glad to see you."

They shook hands, and the Shrimp and I sighed ostentatiously over Mark's propensity for going off and doing just what one would expect him to.

"We were wondering," Angela was saying, "what had become of you. After the Armistice everybody came home but you, and we thought—"

"We said," I interrupted, "that it would be just like you to hunt up another scrap."

"Which he did—" this, in a disgusted tone from the Shrimp.

"You might have let us know," I went on.

"It's a very long time since you were here last," Angela remarked.

"Yes," Mark replied, and he looked hard and long at Angela, "it's a very long time. And in the meantime you've grown up."

Angela is rather pretty when she blushes, though it has always seemed to me she does it over nothing at all.

"I heard in town," Mark went on, speaking to me, "that you were spending your leave here, so I ran down to see you, and everybody. Just for an hour or two." Mark always was the most exasperatingly modest creature!

"How many times," I asked him, "have I—we—everybody told you that any time you show up here there's a bed for you and a seat at table?"

MARK looked sheepish, and the Shrimp clapped him on the back. "Priceless old idiot! He hasn't got his tooth-brush and his nightie, so he's 'fraid he can't stay."

"Wrong this time," Mark answered triumphantly. "They're down at the 'Hound and Hunter.' I was going to spend the night there."

The Shrimp and I called him every name we could think of on the spur of the moment, which of course affected Mark not at all. Angela had departed, no doubt to fix up a place for Mark to lay his head, and we propelled him across the tennis court and threw ourselves on the lawn beyond.

"Now," I began, "you're going to tell us the dark story of your young life from the time we last saw you. And what an occasion that was! Shrimp, do you remember?"

"*Do!* The Carlton—New Year's Eve—1917, wasn't it—leave up the next day—and all that. Whew! Proceed, Mark, with your tale of frightfulness, or we may be compelled to rag you."

"No," Mark said quietly, "not at the moment. Who's staying here?"

"I note with regret," the Shrimp broke in facetiously, "that our honourable friend does not ask us to tell him singly and collectively what we've been doing in his absence."

"I don't much care," Mark answered, leaning back on one elbow, "since you're both here and none the worse. I repeat —who's here?"

"Since you ask," I replied, "we'll tell you no lies, will we, Shrimp? An old friend of yours—Mrs. Whitford. Jessie Davidson she was, in your palmy days."

Mark made a noise something between a grunt and a sigh.

"You had it badly, Mark," the Shrimp reminded him. "But she hasn't changed, and there is still hope for you."

"What do you mean?"

"She's a widow now," I explained. "Whitford was killed about two years ago, poor beggar—a few months before the Armistice."

Mark said nothing and looked like the Sphinx.

"I very much fear," I continued, "that the Shrimp has strong leanings in that direction."

"Confound your fears," the Shrimp leapt to his feet—"She doesn't know a good game of tennis when she sees one."

Whereupon he proceeded to rag me and was immediately joined by Mark. They persisted in this form of amusement until Angela came back, and the Shrimp insisted on finishing their tennis set and left me in peace with Mark.

Later on, tea appeared and the clan began to gather. The Mater came out from a nap and was delighted to find Mark. She has always looked upon him with favour, even in the early days when I used to bring him down from Harrow for holidays and we used to make the Mater's life a burden for the time being. Dad brought Major and Mrs. Burke and the Wylie-Ferris's home from motoring round the country all afternoon, and Jessie Whitford turned up with our near-neighbour, Edgar Howat. They had been riding since lunch. Lastly, my young brother appeared with his crony, Barringham minor, and they sat on the outskirts and devoured bread and jam and cake shamelessly, after having fallen upon Mark with joy.

AFTER tea, Dad took Major Burke and Mr. Wylie-Ferris off to look at the horses, and the Shrimp gave us an imitation of Napoleon crossing the Alps, on the Mater's own particular rock-garden. My young brother and Barringham minor applauded loudly, and the Mater made a valiant effort not to show that she trembled for her flowers. I noticed that Mark had gone over to sit beside Jessie Whitford. His back was turned to me, but they appeared to be enjoying themselves. Edgar Howat had moved across to talk to Angela. After a few minutes, I got up and gave a bird-whistle which was the signal peculiar to the Shrimp and me. Napoleon descended from the Alps, and we walked away and into the copse.

"It appears," the Shrimp remarked, "that we are slightly *de trop*."

"Our grey hairs tell against us," I rejoined. "But I don't feel as if I were exactly tottering into the grave just yet—do you, Shrimp?"

"Can't say I do"—the Shrimp leaped lightly over a tree stump. "But speaking of our grey hairs—that old idiot Mark is going to bring them with sorrow to the grave you just mentioned."

"What do you mean?"

"If he marries that—ahem—that person, after having escaped it once—" The Shrimp gave me a meaning look, and began to sing,

"Are you old enough to marry, do you think?"—

"Leave 'Mikado' alone," I growled, "and let us consider Mark's future seriously."

"Serious is my watchword. And good old Mark is up to his old tricks of doing just what you'd expect."

We stretched ourselves on the ground, and I produced my most-faithful pipe and lit it. "Well," I remarked,

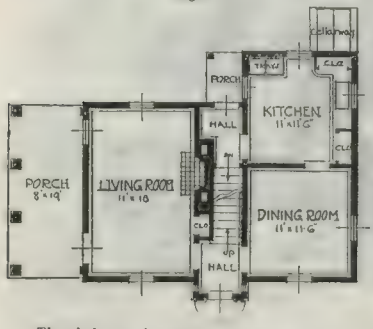
(Continued on page 40)

If You Would Build of Frame

Variety and Charm and Great Adapatability Will Encourage You in Your Choice of Materials

Selected by Charles Vaughn Boyd

Of white-clapboard, with green shutters and weathered shingles

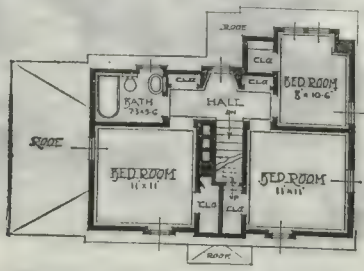


Though the area is small, the arrangement is eminently convenient

THE outside walls of a house are so important—not only on account of their bearing upon the external appearance, but because of their potential influence upon the interior, whether for comfort or discomfort—that the selection of a suitable material for their construction is anything but an easy task. The selection is, too, hampered rather than facilitated by the endless variety and the possible combinations of the materials now available. Still more retarding to a definite decision is the fact that each building material merits commendation; if not for one quality, at least for another. How, then, or upon what safe basis, can a final choice be made?

Most people have attained sufficient architectural knowledge to enumerate and identify the comparatively few architectural styles in general use for contemporary Canadian homes; and, as a rule, each prospective home-builder has arrived at a fairly well-defined idea as to which of these styles he intends shall govern his own new home. A decision as to the architectural style may or may not have a distinct bearing upon the choice of a material for the construction of the exterior walls. For instance, if the preference lies with the Colonial style, it need exert but little influence upon the choice, for wood, brick, stone, hollow-tile and plaster are all equally appropriate. On the other hand, however, can you picture a house of Moorish style being successfully finished with shingles or an Italian villa developed in red brick? Is it not apparent, therefore, that the *architectural style* of a house is *one* factor which cannot be altogether neglected when the choice of a building material is under consideration?

Underlying the choice of an architectural style, there



The reduction of the hall space allows larger bedrooms

Redwood shingles, with trellised entrance and wide porch. Floor plans are shown at lower left

is, of course, the important point of adaptability to the site—for no house can truthfully be termed successful which does not create an impression of actually *belonging* to its site. In addition there is the matter of harmonizing the house with any neighboring buildings. While these considerations naturally effect more directly the selection of an appropriate architectural treatment, they nevertheless demand due recognition before any decision can be reached as to materials.

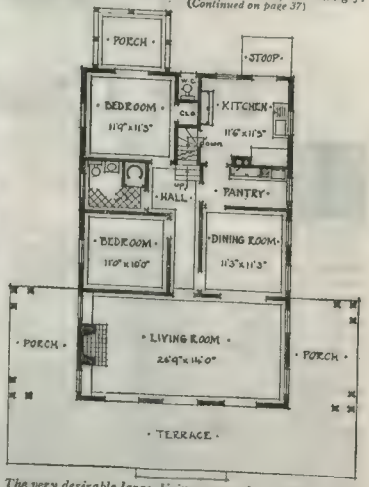
The question of cost can rarely be altogether dissociated from any discussion of home-building. It can, therefore, not long remain in abeyance when the topic of the moment is the choosing of a material for the construction of the exterior walls. Many prospective builders, however, labor under the delusion that a comparison of *initial* expenditures for various materials is sufficient: whereas, the cost of a house really has a twofold import—the first outlay and the expense incidental to proper maintenance. Thus, to decide upon clapboard walls may appear to be an entirely desirable course on the score of original economy—yet this idea may be completely overthrown by a comparison of the insurance rates applying respectively to frame and to masonry construction.

Fire is, then, another factor which, both on account of its indirect bearing upon building *costs* and its differing effects upon various building *materials*, must exert an influence upon the selection of a wall material. By the use of fire-resisting materials, can we balance their additional initial cost through a lowering of the insurance rates?

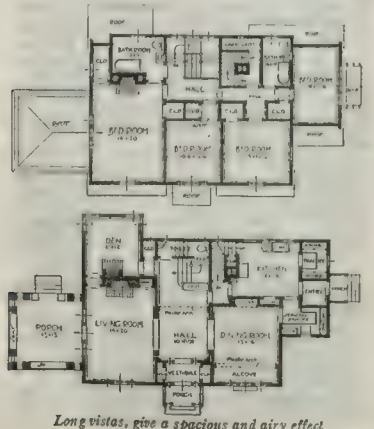
OF course, in many communities, all these factors which have been enumerated and commented upon as rightly bearing upon the matter of exterior wall construction yield to the sweeping provisions of a code of building laws, sometimes as illogical and archaic as they are binding. Frame construction, owing to its susceptibility to fire, is, naturally, virtually taboo under these circumstances; nevertheless, both for summer and year-round homes in sections to which the edicts of building codes do not apply, it is, and probably long will be, in general demand; for, despite the vastly increased cost of lumber, a frame house in most localities involves probably the least expenditure at the time of erection.

But what of the *maintenance* charges? A wooden house calls for frequent repairs; it is given to a disagreeable trick of shrinking or "settling"; it is particularly prone to complete or partial loss by fire, because of its highly inflammable nature, and it is, accordingly,

(*Continued on page 37*)



The very desirable large living room is a leading characteristic of the ground floor plan of the house below



Long vistas, give a spacious and airy effect

Rough plaster in a soft yellowish tone, conceals the frame construction of this charming home

Spring Calls For Sport Clothes in Town and Country

By Helen Concklin

THE line of demarkation between "sports clothes for sport's sake" and "sports clothes for fashion's sake" is so fine these days that one hop-scotches over it and wears sports' clothes for sports' clothesand comfort's sake.

It matters little whether a woman spends her time and energy chasing a little white ball around a golf course or pursues the almighty dollar around the business world, she will wear sports clothes. If she does both, so much the better because she can economize on her clothes by wearing them for both occasions.

How and why sports clothes were lifted out of the (strictly speaking) sports class nobody seems to know, but everybody does know that no matter what city or hamlet on this continent one happens to wander into, they are certain to see some of the smartest women wearing sports clothes in town to business, shopping, traveling, motoring—as well as in the country—golfing, riding, hiking.

In the spring of the year it is the first requirement of one's wardrobe about which one thinks and plans. This year it seems there is a greater variety of sports clothes to make a selection from, than ever.

The New Tweed Suits

FOR clear, brisk March days when you simply can't stand the sight of your fur coat and you have discarded your velvet hat for a smart felt and straw combination, there are smart little tweed suits to be worn over warm sweaters and with gay colored wool scarfs.

They are made quite simply with jaunty little jackets cut on straight lines and with or without belts. They have patch pockets and some, leather buttons. They are not dark, drab little suits but bright, springy suits of lavender, French blue, rose, tan or brown tweed or wool mixtures. One wears smart brogues or oxfords and wool hose with them. Sleeveless vests of the same material are sometimes made to wear with these suits, particularly if one likes the sleeves in their coat tight, and a sweater doesn't fit comfortably underneath. These vests are as smart as can be.

Then there are capes. Great big, voluminous tweed or camel's hair capes that wrap one in warmth and smartness. They may be fringed or plain and they may be plaid or striped but if one has a tweed suit, it is the logical thing to have the cape of the same material to be worn with it completing a three-piece suit or to wear as a separate wrap.

No woman, who pretends to keep up with fashion will go through the season without a cape-dress suit. Of course you have seen them or pictures of them— one piece dresses of wool jersey, kasha cloth or homespun and capes to match. Usually the dress and the cape are bound in a contrasting shade of material and sometimes the cape is lined in a different shade. Then another one-piece dress is made the shade of the binding or lining and the cape is worn with both dresses making two complete and distinct costumes.

Some new, one piece dresses are knitted of yarn or fibre silk which is often combined in one dress in contrast-shades. They are straight, tubular dresses usually made with elastic-run waist-lines and open at the throat with a turned back collar or bateau neckline.

There is a new material called Krepe-knit, too that has a silky finish and is used to make these new one-piece dresses in shades of rust, henna, blue and white for late spring. White, by the way will be worn a great deal this spring and summer in hats, coats and frocks of heavy and light materials. Cross stitch and peasant embroidery in bright colors is the favored form of trimming for these dresses.

Three-Piece Knicker Suits

WHETHER knicker suits are or are not a moral garb for women has been a much mooted question. But while clubs and moralists and individuals have been holding them up for discussion, many a woman has quite summarily taken the matter into her own hands and settled it in favor of the knickers and her own comfort. Why not—if breeches are correct for riding and two-piece bathing suits for swimming, why not knickers for golf and sports or walking, if one chooses? If one is a born out-door enthusiast, these three-piece knicker suits do certainly stand for untrammelled action and freedom of movement. With a skirt and coat to wear in town and a pair of knickers to match to wear on the links—a woman is ready for whatever may arise in a spring day. These suits are an economy too, because they take the place of two separate costumes. The coats are made with a deep pleat over each shoulder blade in the back, which allow plenty of freedom when the arms are in motion and are pressed to lie flat when one is in a natural walking or standing posture. A sport's hat, brogues and woollen hose, complete the costume.

Sports Skirts With "Bangs"

THE new sports skirts are not like anything we considered smart last season. With a few exceptions which are of silk, there are very few pleated skirts. The latest "trick" is the wrap-around skirt—a straight affair which simply wraps around the figure and laps at the side front where it is held together, here and there with invisible stitches or a large button or two. It is allowed to be open at the bottom from a little below the knee, down, so that when one walks or climbs, there is plenty of freedom. Snap-hooks are sometimes employed so that *she who runs* may quickly open them and close them. Of course, nobody but the wearer and those who know a thing or two about fashions would suspect that these skirts were not stitched up in the regular sort of way.

Stripes, (ice cream stripes many of them resemble) are newer than plaids although these are seen occasionally. Plain colors and mixturse are fashionable, too. Quite the smartest effect is achieved by fringed "bangs" around the bottom of the skirt in place of hems. Camel s hair skirts are new and are worn with the camel's hair capes or coats.

Over Blouses and Middie

BACK to middy-blouses is one of Paris' new slogans. O, not the be-emblemed and be-braided middy like one used to wear to school with splashy big red or black silk ties. But smart new things of French flannel, duvetyne or challis that button tight over the hips and strap about the wrist. Pumpkin, red and French blue are the shades one chooses after white. White flannel or linen tailored blouses are more becoming to some and often look smarter with the tweed suit. Right here, a word may be said for sweaters because no sports outfit is complete without one at least. Since high colors have been decreed fashionable and almost every color is a feature of the fashions, of spring many young women with leisure hours will want to knit them in a different color for each day. The slip-over style with long sleeves and opened at the neck are favorites because they are most youthful looking when worn with Sally cuffs and collars. Thin alpaca and mohair is used for them and it is quite smart to have contrasting bands forming a horizontal border around the bottom which fits snugly over the hips. Very heavy yarn is used in some new coat sweaters that are fringed around the bottom. Brushed wool is another choice, but this for the more practical sweater that is worn for warmth as well as style.

Hats Should Match

THAT is as much as possible.

For instance if one wears a smart French flannel or Kasha cloth or jersey dress, there should be a hat of the same material to complement it.

For early spring, the felt and chenille sports hats are most desired but as the season advances the lighter weight materials will come into prominence. Knitted hats and wool fabric hats are also quite new.

The poke shape is perhaps the newest to be exploited but it is becoming only to a few. However, the soft, crush hat which has enjoyed such a long popularity this winter has returned and is as adaptable as ever to the will of the wearer. One pulls it down over the right eye or the left ear and there it stays—as smart as though it had been molded on the head of the wearer. Hats of this style have really usurped the place of the sailor which was considered the smartest shape last summer.

The blouse may be a very strategic part of the sports outfit. It must be of unrivalled smartness—simple and yet so charming in line, correct as to material, and, of course, faultlessly tailored.

A trim little shirt of heavy cream raw silk would look especially well with a tan or brown heather tweed, for instance. Handkerchief linen will reward the effort of hand work; cross bar dimity is very demure; and the heavier materials, French piqué fine cotton rep, or heavy linen, in strictly regulation shirt style, are exceedingly smart.

Color scheme from hat to stocking clocks or stripes is as important in the selection of a sports costume as any other part of it and the least expensive.

The Long Lines of a Gown Without a Girdle Are Particularly Well Adapted to a Bridal Costume With a Graceful Train

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7759

7757 The long-waisted bodice of this sleeveless evening frock is cut in points at the lower edge of the front. The material is apple green taffeta and the full panels on the sides of the skirt are of tulle in the same shade as the frock. The bodice is cut with a low armhole. The straight skirt is very full and it is shirred in several rows at the top and joined to the bodice. Underarm closing.

7758 Ivory white satin is used for this charming bridal frock. Wide lace joins the upper portion of the frock on a diagonal line. The frock is unbroken at the front and it is draped under the arms. The upper portion of the sleeves are cut in one with the frock, wide lace is used for the lower sleeve portion. The long train is cut straight across the neck-line and it is looped at the waist-line. Narrow satin underskirt.

7759 Orchid colour chiffon and silver tissue is used for this evening frock. The underdress and the train are of the silver tissue. Iridescent beads are lavishly used on the edges of the blouse. The blouse is cut with a very deep V at the front and unusually low armholes. The trains are on the sides of the skirt. Iridescent bead ornaments trim the frock. The underbodice is straight at the top.

7760 An unusually charming bridal frock is shown in this illustration. The material is white crêpe-back satin. The frock is very straight and the upper part is embroidered in pearls. A straight length of material is used for the draped over-section of the skirt, which is held to the frock on one side by a strand of pearls. A large cabochon of pearls with long strands trims the frock. The long train is cut in a V at the back. Kimono sleeves.

7757 7758

7758 7760

7760 7759

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 36

7741 Two materials are combined for this blouse. The sleeves and the front section are of printed crêpe. Blue crêpe overblouse.

7742 Slip-on blouse of grey crêpe gathered at the sides to a band which is in one with the blouse. Kimono sleeves.

7743 The sleeves of this tan cloth coat are in one with the back yoke. Box pleats at the lower part of the side sections.

7744 This short circular cape completes the costume shown at the right. The material is a soft woollen fabric in henna.

7745 One-piece frock of woollen material in henna colour. The frock is open at the neck-line in the front. Short set-in sleeves.

7746 This simple frock is oddly cut at the front. Two shades of wool jersey are used. Casing for elastic at the waist-line.

7747 Wool jersey is used for this straight coat which is worn with 7746 frock. Linked buttons at the neck-line.

7748 This skirt is fitted plain at the top by the use of darts in the side seams and vertical darts at the back.

7749 Slip-on blouse of henna crêpe de Chine embroidered in black. The blouse is shirred on the shoulders below the band.

7750 The closing of this tan crêpe blouse is at the side back. The embroidery is in pastel shades. Drop-shoulder sleeves.

7751 This coat is worn with 7752 frock. The material is tan cloth. On the bottom is a fold of the material.

7752 There is an entire frock of blue crêpe under the cloth skirt of this frock. The skirt may be unbuttoned from the frock.

7753 This unbelted frock is circular at the sides and the back. A very dark blue twill is used for the frock. Set-in sleeves.

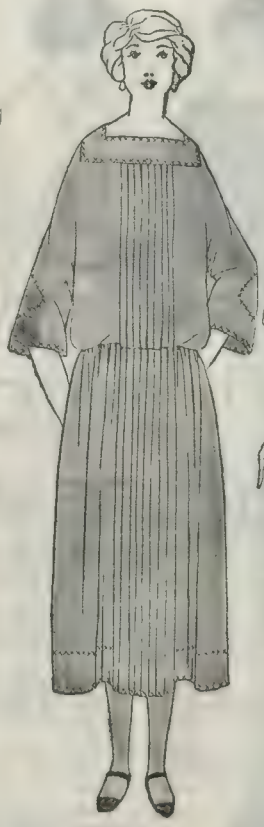
7754 An L-shaped band trims the sides of this skirt which laps in opposite directions. The skirt is gathered at the sides only.

7755 A sport silk of vivid colouring is used for this skirt which is shirred at the sides to a narrow outstanding fold.

7756 Braid trims this two-piece skirt which is gathered at the sides and the back. Double pockets at each side of the front.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 36.

New Ginghams and Linen in The Colours of the New Season Appear at Their Very Best In Simply Cut Frocks That Exhibit New Points of Interest



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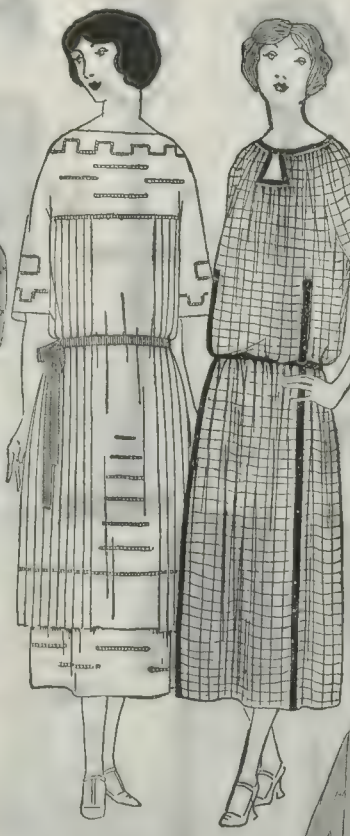

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7711

7709 Slip-on frock of grey crepe de Chine cross-stitched in bright blue. The front of the frock is finely pleated, the pleats are held in by cross-stitching at the lower edge. The straight gathered skirt is joined to the blouse and with a casing for elastic.

7710 The long overportion of this yellow voile frock is cut in one piece. The frock is pleated at the sides from the deep yoke which is cut in one with the short kimono sleeves and is fastened at the back. The neck-line is very straight. Hemstitching trims the frock.

7711 This cool gingham frock is of green and white check with trimming folds of plain green. The blouse is gathered all around the neck-line. The three-quarter length sleeves are joined to the blouse at a diagonal line. The straight skirt is joined to the blouse.

7712 For a slender figure the straight upper portion of this frock may be made as illustrated, while for a full figure the addition of a horizontal dart below the armholes is necessary. The material is figured buff colour gingham. The skirt is gathered at the sides.

7713 One-piece frock of white linen. The frock is belted so as to give a slight blouse. The belt ties at the side. Embroidery done in bright colours edges the entire frock. The drop-shoulder sleeves are short. Square neck-line at the front and the back.

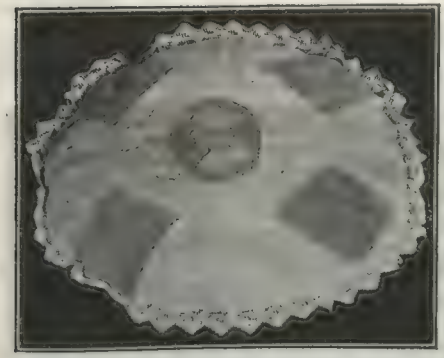
7714 Most delightful is this frock made of blue and white check gingham. The use of the material on the straight and on the bias emphasizes the design of the frock. The straight skirt is gathered to the upper portion. The sleeves are cut in one with the blouse.

7712 7713 7714

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 36.

Cushions You Will Like to Make

The Colour Accent in a Room, the Lighting of a Too-somber Corner, the Softening Note in Furnishing, May All Be Achieved by Your Cushions



THE dainty bed of the present day, when its fresh, white counterpane is drawn up smoothly, is incomplete unless, tossed with seeming carelessness against the rise of more practical pillows or bolster, there is a smaller pillow, immaculately fresh and more or less elaborately beautified by hand-work.

The small boudoir pillow above measures about fifteen inches in diameter, and is exquisitely adorned with cut-work, solid embroidery and filet lace. It is drawn over a slip cover of pale pink silk.

Cushion Forms

WHEN one is buying new cushion forms, it is wise to select those of first class quality. There is no satisfaction to be gained in a loosely-filled down pillow in a cover so poor that the feathers work their way out, or in a cushion filled with some material which quickly becomes hard or lumpy.

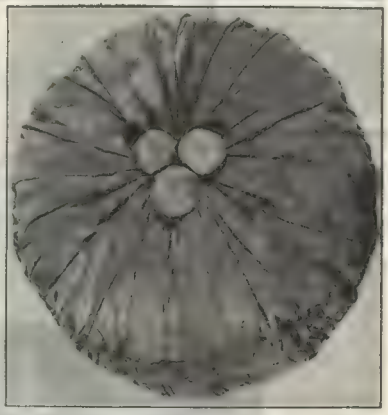
DOWN pillows are always most satisfactory if the initial outlay is not too great. The average cost in all shapes is $3.00.

Next in order of satisfaction comes something along the line of a kapok or "Russian Down" pillow. In a round shape an 18 inch pillow will cost 95c.; 20, $1.00; 24, $1.50.

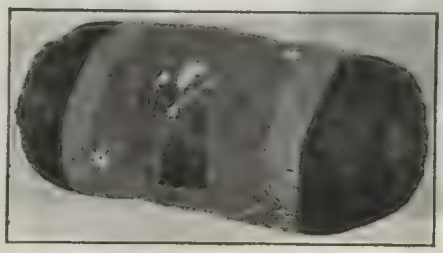
In pillow shape 14 x 16, 55c., 16 x 22, 85c., 18 x 24, $1.10.

Square forms come in sizes from 16 to 28 inches square, at prices ranging from 60c. to $1.85.

Bolster shapes in the vegetable material cost $1.75.

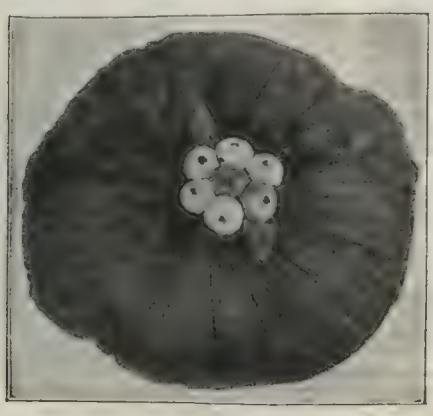


HERE is a use, and a very handsome use indeed, for the piece of oriental embroidery, that many a woman has tried in vain to turn to practical account. A corded black silk cushion in the much-appreciated bolster shape, supplies a most effective mount. The gaily embroidered band is applied and is cleverly edged with two bands of gold insertion.



IF you know already the rich reward, the artistic satisfaction, that may be gained through the medium of paint and stencil pattern, you will appreciate doubly the cushion in the upper right hand corner. Shot blue and gold poplin makes an admirable background for a pattern in rich, soft, reddish gold and dull blue. Gold galloon binds the edges of the poplin pleat.

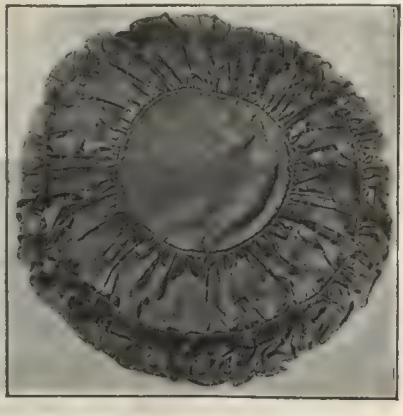
OF glowing peach-coloured silk, softly puffed on its shirring cords, the cushion just above solves the problem of relieving a too-somber corner. The silk is not cut—the three casings are run in one width of the material, (the length being about one and a half times the circumference of the cushion). Three circles of silk—green, gray and lavender—tightly packed with cotton batting, make the apples, and leaf-green silk ribbon, the leaves. A flat covered button finishes the back.

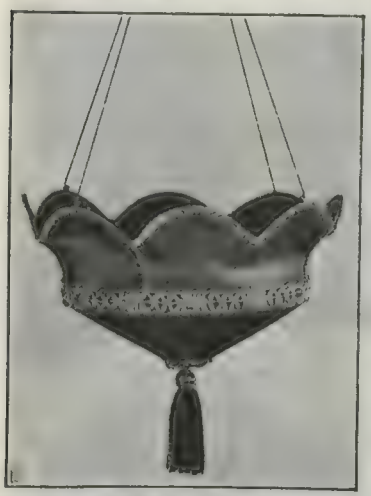


A straight piece of black silk, just wide enough to reach from centre to centre, is shirred in tightly, the centre covered on one side by a large silk-covered button, on the other by a cluster of fruit and leaves. The apples are compact balls of cotton batting covered with silk in several pale hues and tufted with black wool; the leaves are fashioned from bits of velvet in every dark tone the patch-bag can supply.

YELLOW silk, in the warm tones of an Ophelia rose, form the soft, puffy cushion to the right. A slip of factory cotton is made first and on each side of this a nine inch square of silk is mounted. For the first puffing, three widths of yard-wide silk are cut, six inches deep, a piping-cord is run in one side and drawn into a circle about eight inches in diameter.

Four widths, six inches deep, form the puffing which spans the edge of the cushion. The back may repeat the first puffing, or may be a plain circle of the silk.

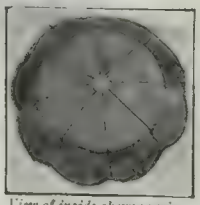




Suspended beneath the fixture, this shade throws a gracious, softly coloured light

Are Your Lights Lovely?

Whether You Use Electricity, Gas or Oil Lamps, You May Shade Your Lights to Gain a Very Definite Effect of Colour and Charm



View of inside showing wires

THERE are certain instructions which must be very carefully followed for every lamp shade, no matter what its type or shape. Infinite variety is achieved by grafting on to these general rules the principal steps required in special instances.

Wire frames may be bought in all sizes and many shapes; the department stores in a large city, of course, carry the greatest variety of these frames. If you chance to purchase your wire frame in such a shop you can learn from the department the exact amount of material which will be required to cover it and so save yourself some figuring.

When you have your material and your frame, it pays to study them carefully and decide just how your goods will cut to the best advantage. The first thing to do is measure off enough material to cover your entire frame; that which is left you tear in strips to use for binding the wires.

Every wire in the frame must be covered; the only exception to this is the frame beneath the skirt of the little Lady-lamp.

A dainty little critic who supervises operations at the dressing table

The binding strips should be torn about one inch wide; turning in one edge, begin by binding a *down wire*—i.e. one of the wires running from the centre to the outer edge of the frame. When all down wires are bound, begin on the wires that run round the frame. Wherever two wires intersect, special care is needed; it will soon be apparent just how the binding must be bound round and back.

With all the wires bound, you have not only insured a neat looking inside for your shade, but you have supplied yourself with a firm foundation to which you will sew everything else.

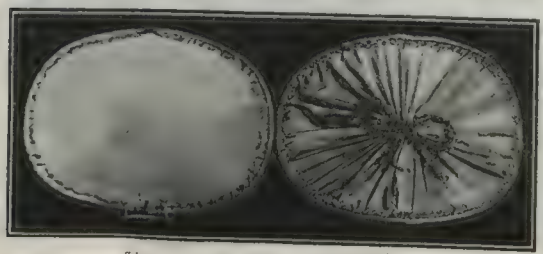
The average lamp shade is made with a tight lining and an over-material which may be put on plain, as shown in the shade at the lower right hand corner, or shirred as the one above it, or a combination of the two, as the shade at the upper left. Sometimes three layers of material are used in order to gain a certain lovely colour effect or to have a pattern that glows softly through a top layer of transparent material.

In *every* case, the tight lining is the first necessity. With wires all neatly bound, put your material over the frame, draw one straight edge of the goods to one outer edge of the frame and pin it; don't turn it *over* the wire — just fasten to the silk wire-covering, on the *right* side; draw the material smoothly over the top of the frame and pin it on the other side, exactly opposite the first point you have fastened; pull the material evenly into place in the opposite direction and pin it to the outside wire. It is now fastened at four points. Proceed to pull and pin it in place all the way round, until it is fastened straight and firm, absolutely without creases or puckers.

This achieved, sew your material firmly, just as it is pinned, and on the *right* side; cotton thread holds best and you may take fairly long stitches.

In some instances instead of being able to cover the whole shade at once like this, as is done in the shade at the lower right, it is necessary on account of irregularity of the shape to put the tight lining on one section at a time, as in the shade at the upper left. We shall discuss this in detail later. We usually complete one section of the shade at a time, that is to say, one section will have to have perhaps two layers of material on it before another section is touched. When all the layers of goods that are going to be used are in place, trim off the one or two top ones, leaving, say half an inch of the bottom layer of silk; this must be turned back and basted down the second time, still on the *right* side.

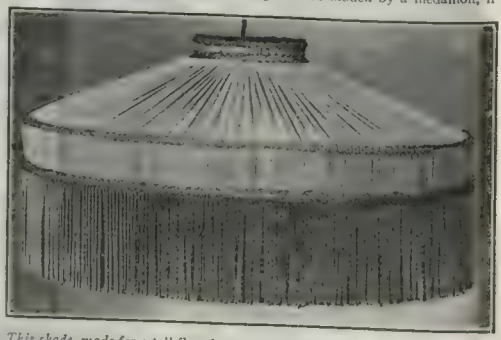
We do all the finishing on the right side, where the trimming will ultimately cover it. This leaves the inside of every shade with a finished aspect, as shown in the small picture of the inside of the shade in the upper left hand corner. When this edge of the bottom layer of material has been turned back and basted, it is trimmed closely so that the braid or galloon which is used to trim it finally, will cover the single raw edge that remains



The most useful type to screen a candle bracket or wall lamp

WITH our frame smoothly lined, we proceed with the outer covering. If this is also to be plain we just lay it over the frame and pull and pin it into place as was done in the case of the lining. If this outer covering is to be shirred, however, we cut it in lengths of the required width and begin at the outer wire. Sufficient fullness for a graceful effect is usually gained by allowing a length of silk which would go once and one-half around the outer circumference of the frame. The material and the frame are marked off in sections of quarters or eighths, as a guide, so that the goods may be eased on with even fullness all round. All joins, by the way, must come exactly over an up-and-down wire, else they will show when the lamps are lighted.

With the silk shirred along the outer wire of the frame, it remains to draw it evenly into the "collar", if it is a shade like the large fringed one, or into the middle, where the shirring will be hidden by a medallion, if it



This shade, made for a tall floor lamp, is equally adaptable for use on an old fashioned oil lamp with a glass chimney

is an inverted shade which you are making. The material must, of course, be pleated very evenly, all pleats running to the centre in a similar way. When the various layers of covering are in place, it remains to sew on the trimming, so that the single raw edge, which is all that is ever left at this step, will be entirely covered. The braid must be drawn quite tight.

(*Continued on page 46*)

Another good type of inverted shade

The Flowers That Bloom This Spring

Are Dainty Blossoms Fashioned of Organdy or Wool

By Celia Little

EVERY one of us has a feminine longing for the pretty delicate boutonnieres so generously displayed in the shop windows, and below are a few simple instructions which may be followed by the veriest beginner, and which will bring any number of these quaint and fetching French bouquets within reach at a very reasonable sum.

The organdy and silk flowers are most attractive on afternoon or evening gowns, while the wool ones are most seasonable as a trimming for fur coats, muffs, wraps, etc.

Procure at any of the shops one-sixth (1-6) yard of organdy, in let us say, lavender, rose, blue, corn, orange, and green for leaves. Other colors may be added as the buyer wishes, always keeping in mind contrasting colors. Add to this two bunches of yellow and one bunch of green stamens, a spool of fine wire (go to a hardware store for this), and two yards of mending tissue from a pressing parlor. Cut the wire into 3½ inch lengths, and the mending tissue ¼ inch x 3 inches. You are now in a position to begin work.

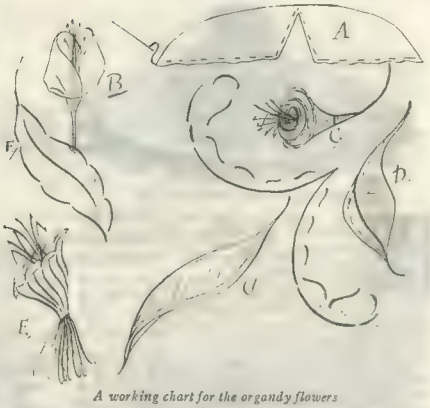
Tear the organdy, which will be 6 inches across, into widths of 2 inches. Round off the two corners on the same side, and holding firmly between the fingers, roll from *right* to *left*. A couple of turns will do this. When roll is completed, crease in the middle and cutting from the side opposite the roll, cut out a small "V" of organdy, with the top of "V" almost at roll, (see Fig. A). Then with needle and thread, gather round rough edge from right to left, being sure to catch the roll, and always *keeping the roll on the inside*. Draw up. Now take 3 yellow and 2 green stamens, bend in the middle and insert between the two leaves of the sweetpea. Draw up tightly, wind base of flower with thread, securing stamens with a few additional stitches. Take a heavy darning needle and put through base of flower, draw out, and through this opening, insert one end of wire, bringing it down and fastening with two or three twists to the longer piece. Now take mending tissue, and commencing at base of flower, wind neatly to bottom of wire. This makes a very dainty and attractive sweetpea as at Fig. "B".

The roses, as at Fig. "C" are made on the bias. Make a true bias of the organdy and cut into two (2) inch strips, rounding off the corners, and roll from right to left. With roll on the *outside*, turn from *left to right* enlarging the flower by little pleats at base. When rose is shaped up, fold the stamens as for the sweetpeas, insert in centre of rose, make opening with needle, insert one end of wire, making sure to secure stamens, and bring it down and fasten it to longer piece as before. Wind the wire stem with the tissue, as in case of sweetpea.

For the large single roses, tear organdy into 2½ inch strips and cut in two, round off corners, roll and gather across bottom. Sew four of these together. Make four more and arrange on top of first four, building up the rose, and decreasing number as one nears top. Here make three smaller petals of a darker shade for centre. Be sure that petals are all sewn together firmly and neatly. Add wire stem as before, and tape. Very attractive single roses have milliner's leaves attached to wire stem before they are taped. A medium sized rose will have four tiers, 4 large petals, 8 medium, and 3 small petals.

Small calla lilies may be fashioned in the same way, tearing the organdy in larger strips, and making a deeper roll.

The leaves, as at Fig. "D". are made of 1¾ to 1½ inch strips with one end rounded. They are rolled from bottom up both sides to the top, and where roll meets, organdy may be pulled out to make tip of leaf. Attach wire stem and tape as before.



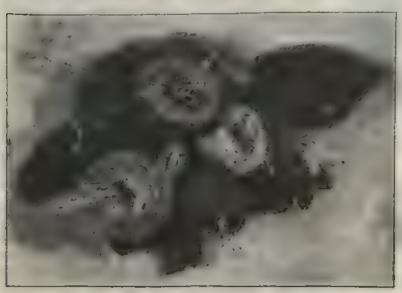
A working chart for the organdy flowers

Crisp and lovely, these pastel-tinted flowers add the finishing touch to a dainty frock

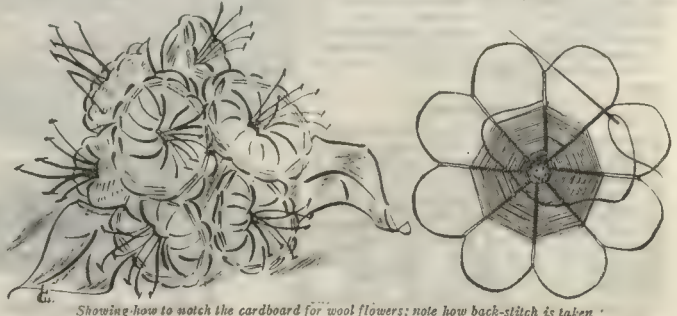
Many variations of these flowers are seen in the shops. Some have picoted edges instead of rolled edges. Some leaves are squares of machine picoted organdy attached to wire stem, and taped. These, however, are within the limits of anyone's purse and may be made at home in an evening.

THE wool flowers are made as follows:—Procure six daintily colored skeins of wool dress embroidery in practically the same shades as the organdy. Make a cardboard shape 2½ inches in diameter. Make eight notches around edge, equidistant from each other. Trim neatly between the notches. Determine centre of circle and cut small opening. Thread a long piece of wool through a wool needle and bring through centre of cardboard, leaving a good 1½ or 2 inches of wool underneath for stems. Wind thread around first notch, bring back to centre, carry through leaving 1½ inches underneath, bring up and thread around next notch, always bringing back to centre and carrying underneath for stems. Hold this extra wool firmly in the hand, and it will help keep wool on cardboard in place, and result in a closer and neater flower. When all the notches have been threaded around (each notch should have two threads to it), beginning at the centre of circle, take a back stitch on first strand of wool, then on next, etc., always working from *left to right*—or backwards. Keep the work close but not tight. When circle has been covered, remove wool pattern carefully, pull flower up, and a very pretty miniature morning-glory will result, as at Fig. "E". Weave the thread down through one of the veins. Fold stamens as for roses, and fasten to wire. Insert wire in flower, draw down to desired position and fasten into place with a few stitches of the wool needle. Cut loops of wool at bottom. These may be left free, or may be wound over with a silver or colored ribbon for neatness and attractiveness.

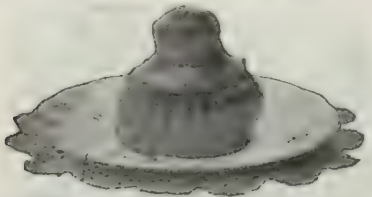
(*Continued on page 48*)



Just right, for the sports hat or dark frock



Showing how to notch the cardboard for wool flowers; note how back-stitch is taken



Creamed fish served in a patty shell

Fish at Its Best

Calls for Careful Marketing, A Well Chosen Recipe and Proper Cooking and Garnishing

WITH Lenten days just over the rise, the problem of the meatless meal faces the housekeeper. Her chief reliance is usually placed on fish and a variety of recipes is very necessary.

A word to begin about the selection of fish. Absolute freshness is imperative. Nothing is worse—and nothing more dangerous than fish, which is a little off colour. Look then for gills that are a healthy red, eyes full and bright and flesh that is firm to the pressure of the finger.

We are fastidious, too, about the cleaning of our fish. Even though this is done by the fish-man, it is well to examine the inside closely, wipe it out with a cloth wrung out of cold water or flush it well under the cold water tap until there is not even a particle of blood clinging to the back bone, wash the outside and wipe all dry with a fresh cloth; the fish is then ready for cooking in whatever way has been chosen.

Boiled or Steamed Fish

IF fish is to be boiled it should be tied in a muslin cloth, lowered into boiling water, the salt being added before the cooking is completed; the virtue of the muslin cloth is apparent when the fish is gently lifted from the pot, the muslin untied and the unbroken fish is revealed, ready to place upon the platter.

Steamed fish is preferred by many critical cooks, as more of the flavour is retained than when the fish is lowered into the water. The fish should be prepared as usual, sprinkled with salt, placed on a plate in the steamer, cooked over boiling water until the flesh separates from the bones quite freely (this is the usual test and is important, as fish, to be good, must be sufficiently cooked).

Sardines are very good grilled

The size and thickness of the fish will determine the time required for cooking it, which will vary from say, ten minutes for a small fish to three-quarters of an hour for one which weighs in the neighborhood of five pounds.

Boiled or steamed fish requires a drawn butter, a piquant or egg sauce and it should be garnished with hard-boiled egg. If the cream sauce is chosen, nicely cut lemon and fresh parsley.

Baked Fish.

A FISH weighing two pounds or over is very good if baked and still better if it is stuffed. After the usual preparation, pepper and salt should be rubbed into the fish inside and outside, sprinkled with lemon juice and if the flavour of onion with fish is liked, a little onion juice may be added to that of the lemon. It is a good plan to place a sheet of well greased brown paper in the bottom of the pan, as this aids in the ultimate removal of the fish and also makes the pan easier to clean. Lay the fish on the paper and either lay a few slices of salt pork or bacon over it or pour a little melted butter or dripping over the fish. Garnish with any combination of lemon, sliced beet root, hard boiled egg and parsley.

Stuffing For Baked Fish

2 cups bread crumbs	1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley
½ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon chopped pickle
pinch of white pepper	3 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon onion juice	

If the stuffing is too dry moisten with a spoonful of cream.

Broiled Fresh Fish

THERE is no simpler and certainly no more delicious way of preparing fish than by broiling it directly over the flame. Small fish may be broiled whole if the heads and tails are cut off and the fish split. Larger fish should be cut in neat pieces, or when suitable, in steaks not more than one inch thick. The broiling iron should be well heated and then greased and the fish, well seasoned with salt and pepper, laid on and broiled from five to twenty minutes, according to the thickness of the pieces. A little melted butter and lemon juice or, to add the last touch of perfection, some tartar sauce, is all that good broiled fish requires.

It must be served very hot, almost straight from the griddle.

Fried Fish

THERE is no more flavourful way of cooking fish than frying it and there is nothing against this method of cooking, if it is well done. The crispness and delicacy of a piece of fried fish that is entirely free from grease, is the result of the way it is cooked. The fat must be very hot, whether the frying is done with a little grease in the pan or the fish is immersed in deep fat. The cleaned fish, cut in neat pieces (unless it is a small fish you are cooking, in which case you will just cut off the head and tail) should be well seasoned with salt and pepper and dredged in flour.

Or it may be dipped in beaten egg which has been diluted with half a tablespoon of water, then rolled in seasoned corn-meal or very fine cracker crumbs.

Or again, each piece of fish may be immersed in batter and dropped into boiling fat.

Salmon Loaf

A CAN of salmon may be used or an equal quantity of left-over sea salmon, 2 eggs, ½ cup bread crumbs, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter, complete the ingredients required. Free the fish from skin and bone and flake with a fork, mix the other ingredients in lightly and turn into a buttered baking dish or individual moulds. Steam for one hour, if the large single mould is used, or for half that time for the small moulds.

Scalloped Salmon With Corn.

FLAKE two cups of canned or cooked fish with a silver fork; remove bones and skin, put a layer into a baking dish, season with pepper and salt, pour over it a very little cream sauce, then add a seasoned layer of canned corn; repeat fish and corn alternately until dish is almost full; pour in a little more sauce—using about two cups in all; sprinkle the top with crumbs, dot with a little butter and bake for about twenty minutes. This is a very easily prepared and most delicious dish.

Broiled Salt Mackerel

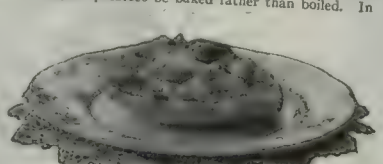
THERE is something very appetizing about salt mackerel and kindred fish, when they are carefully prepared.

Wash the fish, put it in water, skin side up, and let it stand over night. In the morning dry it and broil it flesh side down on a well greased, hot griddle. When fish may be judged to be almost cooked through, turn it and brown the skin side lightly. Put it on a platter and spread with a little butter in which some lemon juice has been blended. Serve very hot.

Very Light Fish Cakes

TO make fish cakes really at their best, the potato should be freshly cooked and for just that little extra flavour which makes some dishes stand out above all—let the potatoes be baked rather than boiled. In either case, force the hot potato through a ricer. To three cups of potato, add 1¼ cups of cooked fish, which has been freed from skin and bone and flaked lightly, 1 egg, beaten until light, ¼ cup cream (and once again for a very special result let the cream be whipped), 1 teaspoon salt and a pinch of pepper. Mix riced potato, fish, beaten egg, cream and seasoning together beat well and drop by spoonfuls into deep fat which is smoking hot. They will require but a minute or two to heat through and should be lifted out and drained on crumpled brown paper. It is much easier to fry them if you have a frying basket, on which to place them, so that it may be just lowered into the deep fat and withdrawn at the proper moment. These will just be bubbles of the most delicious fish cake.

Of course left-over riced potato or mashed potato that is beaten very light, may be substituted still with excellent results.



Fish shells aid in dainty service

Fresh Fish Chowder

EITHER salt or fresh water fish may be used for chowder, cod, haddock and pickerel being those most frequently selected. The skin and bones should be removed (by the way, to skin a fish, cut the skin across just below the head and peel it off), and the fish left whole or cut in solid pieces. Cover the well washed head and the bones with cold water and bring very slowly to the boiling point. Then allow it to simmer for 1 hour or more.

Dice three potatoes of medium size and put one layer in the bottom of an earthenware baking dish; put on this a layer of the fish, then one of canned tomatoes to which has been added a tablespoon of chopped onion, a good pinch of powdered thyme, ½ teaspoon salt and a little pepper; a little celery salt or celery seed is also an improvement, put another layer of potatoes and repeat with fish and tomatoes making the top layer potato.

Pour off the stock which has been simmering from the bones and add enough boiling water to make one pint and pour this over the fish etc., cover and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Add one pint of hot milk before serving.

Fish in Potato Cases

Fish pie with a deep "crust" of mashed potato

A VERY delicious and rather novel way of using some left-over fish is as follows:

Select several large potatoes, cut them in half, lengthwise, scoop a hollow in the centre of each, leaving a wall sufficiently thick to hold the fish mixture. Make a roasting pan hot and melt some bacon dripping and heat it to the smoking point. Place the potatoes in the pan and baste their sides well with the dripping (melted butter, of course, gives a very delicious flavour where it is not too extravagant to use it). While the potatoes are baking, flake the cold fish, removing the skin and bone, season with salt and pepper and if it is liked, a few drops of onion juice or a little onion salt. Add a little strained tomato pulp, mix lightly with a fork and when potatoes have cooked for about twenty minutes, remove from the pan, fill with the mixture, dust the tops with bread crumbs, put a little dot of butter on each, return to the oven, which should be fairly hot, and bake for another twenty minutes. Drawn butter sauce may be served with this dish, if desired.

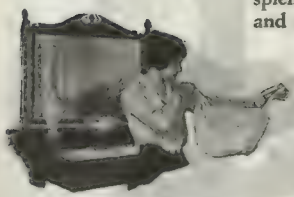
Hot Lobster Creole.

FOR eight to ten people take one medium Spanish onion and cut into small pieces Put it in the inner pan of a double boiler with sufficient melted butter to cover. Put your pan directly over the flame and cook until the onion is a delicate brown; remove from the fire, add sufficient flour to form a ball; to this, stirring all the time, add the contents of one can of tomato

(Continued on page 48)

Six Savings from Soap

Made possible with Fels-Naptha by its perfect combination of splendid soap and real naptha. How this golden bar brings ease and economy in doing your washing and general housework



1. A saving of clothes

Why not make your lovely clothes last longer? Those dainty undergarments with edgings and insertions you crochet with your own hands, are too precious to be worn-out so soon in washing.

When you rub clothes between a hard soap and a hard washboard, that means wearing away the fabric and hurrying it to the rag-bag.

Fels-Naptha is particularly safe. Because it is not a brick-hard soap it rubs off easily on the clothes without wear. And it washes clothes so gently! The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go by loosening it from the fibre without injury to the fabric. Only extremely soiled places need a light rubbing. You don't have to do any *hard* rubbing at all. This is why Fels-Naptha keeps clothes from wearing-out fast.

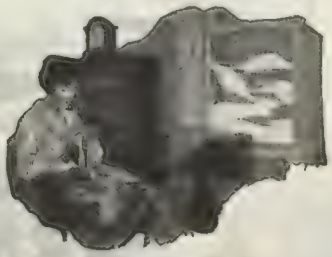
2. A saving of hands

There is no need to risk scalding and shriveling your hands in hot water, or to put up with the extra heat and steamy atmosphere of boiling clothes. Fels-Naptha does its work in water of *any* temperature.

You can boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, and get them clean quicker than with ordinary soap, because of the real naptha in Fels-Naptha; but thousands of women tell us they find no need of boiling when they use Fels-Naptha.

The Fels-Naptha way of washing with lukewarm water is the *comfortable* way.

It is amazing how quickly and thoroughly Fels-Naptha works throughout the house—brightening painted woodwork, taking spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies, cleaning enamel of bathtub, washstand, and sink.



3. A saving of time

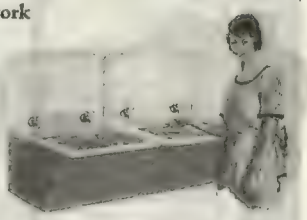
In using Fels-Naptha you simply wet the clothes, soap them, put them to soak, then go about the house for half an hour doing something else while the real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through and through the clothes and loosens the dirt. At the same time, Fels-Naptha makes the water soapy, ready to flush away the dirt when you douse the clothes up and down a few times. Extremely soiled places, of course, will need a light rubbing. Rinse, and the washing is done. A saving of time!

4. A saving of fuel

Since you can do the washing with Fels-Naptha in lukewarm water, what is the use of wasting gas or coal? You can save all the *extra* heat needed to boil clothes, if you use Fels-Naptha.

When you use a washing-machine:—because the naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts to work, you don't have to run the washer so long—you save electric current.

FREE If you haven't tried Fels-Naptha for washing and cleaning a pleasant surprise awaits you. Send for sample, free. Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia.



5. A saving of work

When you use Fels-Naptha there is no need to spend the morning bending over the washtub, or to rub your strength away on the washboard. There is no boiler to lift on and off the stove, and no lifting of clothes in and out of the boiler. You will never dread the weekly wash when you do it the Fels-Naptha way, because it doesn't tire you out.

If you have the washing "done out" with Fels-Naptha, the clothes come home sweeter and cleaner, and with less wash wear-and-tear. Or, if the washing is done at home for you with Fels-Naptha, the strength saved enables your laundress to do the ironing, too, the same day. A real saving of work!

6. A saving of money

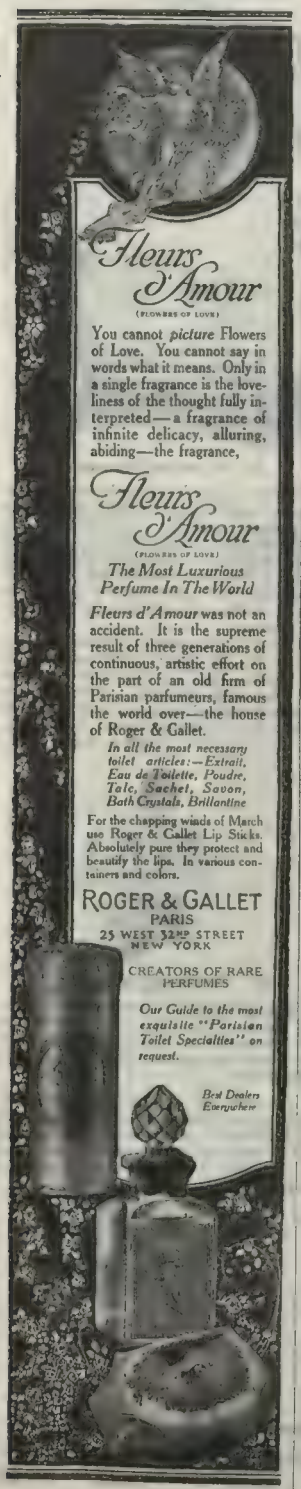
Besides the saving of money in fuel, time, and clothes, very often with Fels-Naptha you save doctor's bills by preventing colds from overheating, and other illness from over-exertion.

The only way you can make this all-round saving from soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

You can tell genuine Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor—and the work it does.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR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Forerunners of the Golden Age

The Bright Little Breakfast Room in the Conveniently Placed Alcove Has Come to Fill a Definite Need

By

Faye Elizabeth Smith

THE promise of more than one fine day has been broken by burnt toast or a bad egg. "All's well that ends well" may be a good enough maxim for a philosopher, but most of us show a better average of good behavior if we have had an auspicious start toward the grand finale.

Gay little breakfast rooms with all the sprightliness of an opening chorus have solved the problem of more than one family which suffered from early morning moods, increased the receipts of father's business and subtracted ten years from mother's age. Perhaps the nicest part of this latter day discovery is its availability to even the least of us, a bit of decorator's hokus pokus that has a recipe which any woman can make if she follows directions.

A breakfast room may be hardly more than a "hole in the wall" or it may be a wonder place of hundred delights, according to the space you have in your house or the amount of imagination you bring to the task. No home should be planned without a breakfast room in these days, not only because it is warranted to smooth off some of life's rough edges, but as an economic measure in housekeeping it pays for itself many times over.

Luncheon for mother and the children may be a very gay and enjoyable affair in the breakfast room without the bother of disturbing the dignified order of the dining room.

The ideal place for the breakfast room is, of course, close to the kitchen, in fact not a few women with old-fashioned houses have given over most of their butler's pantry, lying between the kitchen and dining room, to the creation of a breakfast room. This plan works out very well, and if a little carpentry is not prohibitive it will be possible to "have your cake and eat it too," for you can circle the whole room with cupboard, whose doors will form panels. The shelves behind will not only provide ample space for storing china and linen, but a place to put the stores of staples for the kitchen.

MOST breakfast rooms have enameled woodwork, so when the cupboard panels are finished the room will have the appearance of being simply a smaller room with painted walls. Get all the sunshine you can coax in. Have the windows as large as possible, and should you fail even then to satisfy the need of brightness, paint the room a lovely, soft yellow. Fill the window sills with potted plants or ferns, and depart for once from the staid conservatism of polished oak and paint the floor a pretty, soft, mossy green. The curtains should be a deeper tone of yellow, or fine dotted mull in white would be pretty. In any event, they should be pushed well back as an invitation to every vagrant breeze and vagabond sunbeam.

The most inexpensive chairs, even those whose future has always been read "kitchen duty," touched up with a bit of enamel may win a place for themselves. In this room I have in mind the slat-back chair with a woven cane seat which is rather light in build. Painted a dull lavender, with a touch of daffodil yellow on the rungs, perhaps, I think they would be charming. The table of lavender too, with a stripe of moss green and yellow about its edge would complete a most attractive suite. Either an inexpensive gate leg table, or an old fashioned drop leaf table could be painted to match to fill out the set. The last touch would be yellow linen table runners and breakfast dishes of Spode, with the adorable decorations one finds in such ware, done in lavender. If Spode is too expensive, Japanese pottery dishes come in lavender, green and yellow. Any of these would make a charming service for informal meals.

IN some small homes the breakfast-room is just a nook in the kitchen near a window, and really becomes a breakfast-room by courtesy. Its claim lies in the possession of two settles whose backs are high enough to give promise of someday reaching the ceiling. The table is oblong, and fits nicely into the aperture between them.

Here the breakfast nook becomes an integral part of the kitchen, and must be painted to correspond. I saw one very delightful kitchen of this type the other day whose walls were a lovely soft pearl gray, painted to match the woodwork. The floor was covered with a blue and white checked linoleum in a bold design. The window curtains were blue and white Japanese towelling with chirpy sparrows making merry all over them, and the same material had been employed as a runner on the table with little serviettes to match. The effect was so clean cut that one could not help but be delighted.

There is only one objection to this arrangement. The odors of food are inescapable, and those who are very fastidious about such matters will prefer to seek some other corner for this purpose.

NOT a few women have called the sun-room into service. An opening is made, where possible, between the sun-room, which so often is adjacent to the dining room in modern homes, and the pantry or kitchen so that service will be simple. Breakfast in the sun-room by supplying a drop-leaf table, which may be pulled out, is a simple arrangement.

This plan works very well, since the flowers, light furniture, sunlight and informality are ideal for this purpose. People react more readily than is generally supposed to the suggested color and brightness of a room. A bird in the sun or breakfast room will make for cheeriness even on the darkest morning. Likewise a few bulb flowers in a window box. They really grow without any care, one might say, and for the tiny effort to get them they repay a hundred times in the joy they give. People are only beginning to appreciate the possibilities of ivy as a winter interior decoration. It will grow on a lattice from comparatively shallow soil and lammering over an inner wall gives a beautiful effect.

Gray green in a delicate shade gives a beautiful effect, used as the wall decoration of either a sun-room or breakfast-room, and combined with yellow and apricot draperies with a floor of either dull green tile—or the plain linoleum

(*Continued on page 31*)

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD SERVICE DEPARTMENT

You Asked About Planning and Making Your Clothes

A few of our readers' questions, which are of general interest, are selected for publication in these columns. All questions for this Department are answered promptly by mail by

HELEN CORNELIUS

A Maternity Dress.

Q Would you kindly give me some idea how to make a maternity dress to be worn in the last months? I am of medium height, bust 38 inches, and my material is navy foulard silk.

A I am sending by mail the sketch for a maternity dress, similar to one I have seen worn by a woman about your build during the same period. The front breadth is gathered on an elastic band from seam to seam across the front, allowing for necessary expansion. The side panels, left loose at the bottom or caught under the hem as you prefer, give that long, slenderizing line which helps to disguise your size. The surplice blouse is a splendid idea, you see, it is cut exactly alike on each side of the front, crosses and closes under the arms. The buttons which close it may be moved forward as more girth is needed, thus allowing the blouse to fall softly over the skirt. When cutting the latter, make allowance for about three inches more in length at front than at back.

Every line of this gown is fashionable, another feature which makes it less conspicuous than the regulation maternity dress of untidy lines, which usually enhances one's size instead of minimizing it

Fluffing Up Fur Fabric.

Q I have a Salt's Plush coat trimmed with beaver fabric. It is three years old, but in good condition and still good style, except that the pile of the plush seems to lie flatter and has a shiny appearance. Is there any method by which this material might be renewed?

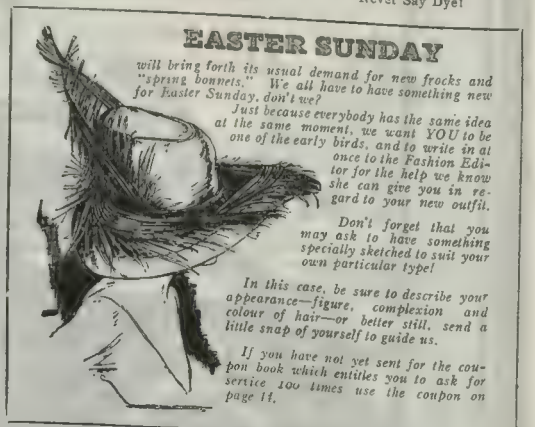
A I have an idea that your plush coat looks flat and shiny because it is dirty. Fur will get the same way after several years' wear—or even after one season's wear sometimes. If you live near a reliable cleaner, or can send your coat to one, I believe you will find it most satisfactory to have it cleaned professionally. Should this plan not be feasible, you might try cleaning it yourself in a bath of gasoline—enough of it to submerge the entire coat. Brush the pile the wrong way with a nail brush while it is in the gasoline, and I think you will be able to restore the soft, furry texture.

My third suggestion would be to steam the coat. Velvet responds very well to this process, and I see no reason why plush wouldn't. Try a little section of it first as an experiment. A strong force of steam from a tea kettle should be held in close proximity to the back of the plush. It would be necessary to take the lining out, to do this, and will require two people to handle it, otherwise a portion of the coat might touch the stove and get burnt. A simpler method would be to brush the coat to remove all dust, and then take a clean brush that has been dipped in gasoline and rub this well into the fabric, brushing the pile always the wrong way. It will take rather longer to follow this method, as only a small section of the coat can be done at one time, but it would not be so difficult to handle the material in this way.

Never Say Dye!

Q Last winter I had one of those little brushed wool Teddy bear suits for my boy. It was copen blue. It would be large enough for him this winter, but it is rather faded. As that is the only thing the matter with it, I hate to discard it. Would it be possible for me to dye it some other colour—say brown, or would it shrink too small for him, do you think?

A Dyeing wool is always risky, so much depends upon the quality of the wool. I would advise taking the little suit to an expert dyer to get his advice. If he holds out no promise of success, I think I'd experiment at home with a good dye. The suit is no good to you as it is, unless for the little chap to wear to play in. If you spoil it, or it shrinks too much, it won't seem like a very great loss. Buy the best dye you can and follow directions to the letter. Some people have very good luck dyeing woollens, others do not, so I would not like to say decidedly that it is wise.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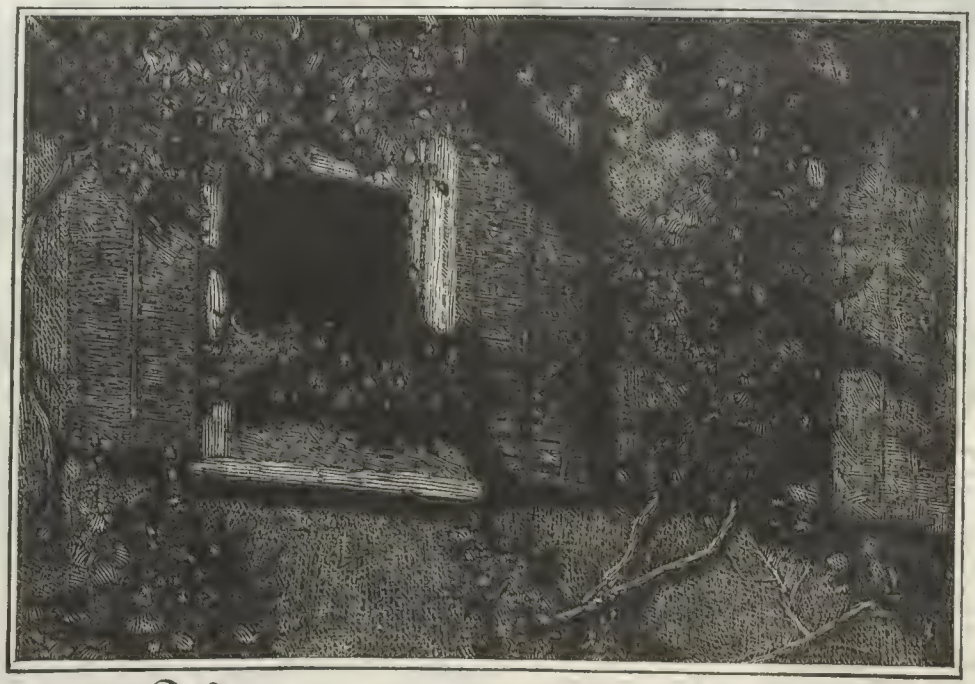
will bring forth its usual demand for new frocks and "spring bonnets." We all have to have something new for Easter Sunday, don't we?
Just because everybody has the same idea at the same moment, we want YOU to be one of the early birds, and to write in at once to the Fashion Editor for the help we know she can give you in regard to your new outfit.
Don't forget that you may ask to have something specially sketched to suit your own particular type!
In this case, be sure to describe your appearance—figure, complexion and colour of hair—or better still, send a little snap of yourself to guide us.
If you have not yet sent for the coupon book which entitles you to ask for service 100 times use the coupon on page 11.

All sections of the Service Department may be consulted free by subscribers; non-subscribers should send a fee of $1.00 for each question asked



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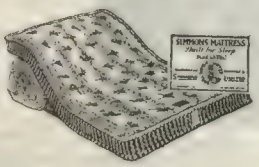

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The Home Vegetable Garden

The Arrangement Which Will Make It Most Productive

By A. E. Cutting

WITH the gardening fever already in the air, some suggestions on planning the home vegetable garden may be a serviceable prescription at this time—to be taken by all persons who have so far neglected to plan in advance. Unlike those of the medicine man, prescriptions for gardening heighten the fever. But there are no precautions. Once one has this annual mental malady, it must be allowed to "run its course." Planning and planting and all the other factors in gardening activities must be indulged in until the satisfaction of the harvest.

Probably more good judgment can be displayed in arranging the crops than at any other point in garden planning and management. For the sake of appearance alone, there should be system in grouping and planting. A well-planned garden, made with foresight and attended with care, is a thing of beauty and a joy to the gardener, her family and her friends. It affords to its owner not only products and perhaps profit, but also a large measure of pleasure and pride.

The home garden should be arranged to give a large assortment and a continuous supply of vegetables throughout the growing season, with a surplus, if there is room, for canning and storing, and at the same time to simplify the planting and minimize the labor of tillage and harvesting. It is waste of time and labor to plant each crop in a separate bed built up with a hoe, as done in so many gardens of the olden-times, and even today by some persons. Separate beds not only make more work, but increase the damage from drought. Furthermore, gardens of that kind are likely to present a good appearance for a little while in spring, but finally they are overrun with weeds.

A farm garden should be laid out in long rows, sufficiently far apart to permit the use of a horse and cultivator. If the shape of the garden is oblong, so much the better for rapidity in cultivating—not so many turnings with the horse. If practicable, run the rows north and south, so that they will receive sunlight on both sides.

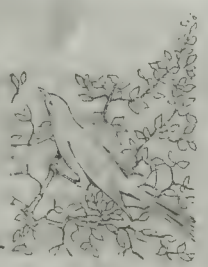
A city or town garden also gives greater satisfaction when laid out in rows across the plot or yard. The rows, of course, need not be so far apart as in a farm garden. Twelve to eighteen inches, according to crop to be planted, usually is sufficient distance.

Various Planting Schemes.

IT is a good scheme to plan an arrangement of the crops that will coincide somewhat with the time for planting each kind, so that the work may begin at one side of the plot and proceed across the area as the season advances. This makes it possible also to fit a piece of land for planting or to stir the unplanted portion at any time desired, and thus keep it free from weeds and in a moist, friable condition.

Crops more or less similar in nature of growth and in requirements of culture should be grouped, or planted in adjacent rows. Attention to this factor adds to the appearance of the garden, makes easier the handling and the harvesting, and facilitates the practice of crop rotation, which is just as important in a garden as in a farm field.

This matter of crop rotation is the last thing thought of by most home gardeners—if they consider it at all! Fortunately, it is effected in a measure by the common practice of planting in a haphazard manner. All gardens would be improved in productiveness by rotation practised in a systematic way. Rotation means the changing, or succession, of crops growing upon the land from year to year. Some plants, like peas, improve the land, while most others exhaust it. Some crops feed largely near the surface, while others feed from a lower level. Root crops should not follow root crops, for instance, nor vines follow vines. Rotation assists also in avoiding injuries from insects and fungous diseases.



Vegetables to Plant Together

Perennial Crops	**Onion Crops**
Artichoke	Leek
Asparagus	Onion
Horseradish	
Rhubarb	**Legume Crops**
	Beans
Small Crops	Peas
Endive	
Lettuce	**Vine Crops**
Parsley	Cucumber
Radish	Melon, Musk
Spinach	Melon, Water
	Pumpkin
Root Crops	Squash
Beet	
Carrot	**Warm Crops**
Kohl-rabi	Eggplant
Parsnip	Pepper
Salsify	Tomato
Turnip	
	Miscellaneous
Cabbage Crops	Celery
B'ls Sprouts	Corn, Sweet
Cabbage	Potato
Cauliflower	Swiss Chard
Kale	

Vegetables to Plant Together.

IN the panel on this page, vegetable crops are grouped mostly according to growth and culture. Some attention is given to botanical relationships and to season of planting, but not in all cases. The differences, as well as some general comments, are given in the following notes:

Perennial Crops.—Plant at one side of the garden out of the way of work with the annual crops. Some gardens may afford nooks or corners that will furnish the permanency which is so desirable.

Small Crops.—As these are mostly short season crops, they may be planted together. Allow for successive plantings of spinach, radish and lettuce, by sowing only a few feet of row at the beginning of operations and repeating along the row at intervals of ten days or two weeks. Endive may follow the early lettuce on the same ground; it is better adapted to the hot weather of summer and is an excellent salad plant. Parsley is a longer-season crop than the others, and might therefore be given a special location.

Root Crops.—In this group, "turnip"

A healthy batch of dwarf beans in a vacant lot garden

includes both the garden, or white, turnip, and the Swede turnip, known by some persons as rutabaga. As Swede turnips usually are not sown until July, they may be placed in rows that had been occupied by some early crop harvested by that time. Salsify, or vegetable oyster, deserves a place in any garden. Kohl-rabi is included in this group for convenience in culture. It is not exactly a root crop, being a cross in habit of growth between the turnip and the cabbage. In leaf, it looks like a turnip. Kohl-rabi is a delicious vegetable if used while young and tender—not over two and one-half inches in diameter.

Cabbage Crops.—Brussels sprouts is one of the finest of vegetables. Kale might be better known, although an old-timer in some gardens. Both are worth having for variety. They are included in this group because they belong to the same botanical family as the cabbage, and require the same kind of culture.

Onion Crops.—Include all kinds of onions, red and white, large and small. One can scarcely have too many for both summer and winter use. A few leeks also will be acceptable. Grow in a trench about a foot deep and blanch with earth as growth proceeds. If garlic is wanted, it also should go in this group.

Legume Crops.—Like clover, peas and beans add nitrogen to the soil, and are particularly useful in rotation. The bush type of each is more largely grown these days than the pole. More room will be needed for the latter. The bean is a "warm" crop as well as a legume crop and should not be planted too early.

Vine Crops.—Seeds of most vine crops can go in the ground before it is safe to plant out peppers and eggplants. Melons are more easily grown than most persons think, and may be tried almost anywhere. If started in a hotbed or in the house, the seeds should be sown in pots, berry boxes or inverted sods, as melons require careful handling in transplanting. Pumpkins and late squash may be grown in the corn rows, if desired, but usually do better where they get more sun.

Warm Crops.—Beans and corn and the vine crops are also warm-season crops, but are placed in other groups for reasons mentioned. Eggplant, pepper and tomato must be started inside early in season and transplanted after danger of frosts has passed.

Miscellaneous.—Celery should be grown in every garden that affords the room. Late celery might follow early peas in the same row. Sweet corn and potatoes might be placed side by side because they will stand rougher treatment than the other crops and can use coarser manure, if well-rotted manure is not available for the whole garden.

So far as order of planting is concerned, the potatoes should follow the root crops or onions. For small gardens, only early potatoes should be considered.

Swiss chard requires the same attention as for beets, but can not be grouped among the root crops, because it is grown for its leaves instead of its root. This vegetable is called also spinach beet and leaf beet. It will grow and be found acceptable anywhere.

Other Gardening Wrinkles.

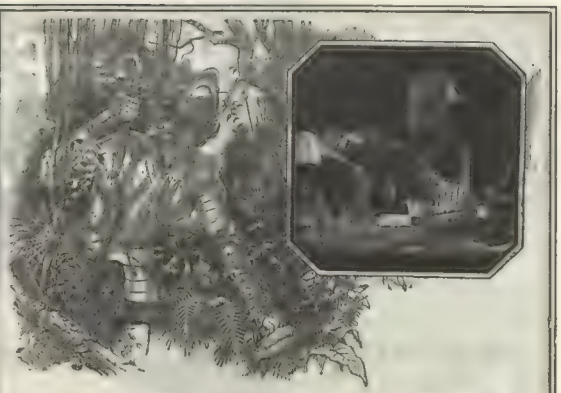
THE ideal home garden is one that furnishes a desirable variety of products of high quality in abundance continuously throughout the season. Commercial gardeners, and amateurs who have the time and the enthusiasm, attain this ideal by growing companion crops and succession crops.

Companion cropping is the growing of more than one kind of crop in the same space at the same time. It requires considerable hand labor and attention, and is not ordinarily adapted to the home garden.

Succession cropping keeps the ground occupied by some crop all or nearly all the time. When an early crop is removed, it is followed by some other vegetable that can be planted at that time. Sometimes the succeeding crop is planted between the rows of the crop already in the garden. Succession cropping is not complicated. It is entirely practicable in the home garden.

The suggestions in this article deal chiefly, however, with a straight-away garden for the average garden-lover of the average home—the kind of gardens and the kind of folks that figure most in the annual spring "fever" epidemic of the great Canadian out-of-doors.

A cabbage patch and a profitable bed of onions



Why the Human Body Grows Old Sooner than Necessary

"There's a Reason"

POOR old Ponce de Leon followed a delusion and found a disappointment.

Metchnikoff was a great scientist. He followed facts and found why the human body grows old sooner than necessary.

He found that food that passes too slowly through the intestines (as many starchy, heavy and "refined" foods do) creates conditions which amount to an ageing of the body.

"Auto-intoxication" is one of the terms used to describe what happens. Hardening of the arteries is one of the results.

Sense Instead of Magic

There is no fountain of eternal youth, of course. But there is an extension of youth, through proper feeding and care of the body.

One of the distinctive qualities of Grape-Nuts as a food is that it helps to avoid the conditions pointed out by Metchnikoff, and by many others since his time, as being the real beginning of old age.

Grape-Nuts has wide popularity because of its delightful taste, its economy and its unusual nourishment—but it has a larger merit than that.

Finding the Life Elements

The processes that make Grape-Nuts—including continuous baking for 20 hours—act upon the nutritive solids, producing a food which is partially pre-digested, and develop in Grape-Nuts its own natural sweetness from the grains.

Whole wheat and malted barley flour—from the grains which are richest of all in the food elements needed by the body—is used in making Grape-Nuts. All the nutriment of the grains is retained, including essential phosphates and other mineral salts, intended by Nature for the building of human bone and brain tissue and for feeding the red corpuscles of the blood.

A Sad Waste Stopped

Often, in making the so-called "refined" or whitened cereal products, these most vital of Nature's gifts are thrown away. Grape-Nuts contains the necessary "roughness" to stimulate quick and complete functioning in the digestive tract.

Grape-Nuts delights the taste with the richness and sweetness of its flavor. Served with cream or milk, it supplies the body with what scientists have found to be an unusually accurate balance of food elements needed for body-building.

Grape-Nuts puts no burden upon the digestion—and it passes naturally through the digestive tract without causing fermentation or creating any of those disturbing conditions which are so common, and which have been identified as a first and principal cause of the ageing of the body.

"There's a Reason"

These are scientific facts about Grape-Nuts

A "Wear-Ever" Pan On Your Stove Is Our Best Advertisement

FIVE MILLION **"Wear-Ever"** one-quart aluminum stew pans and **"Wear-Ever"** seven-inch aluminum fry pans have been distributed at special introductory prices.

This was done in order that this year and next year and a good many years thereafter women may see for themselves what satisfactory service **"Wear-Ever"** utensils give:—better cooked and better flavored foods—less cost for fuel and for replacing utensils that wear out—genuine economy when the first cost of **"Wear-Ever"** utensils is divided by the many years they last.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are **stamped**—not spun—from **cold-rolled**, hard, thick sheet aluminum. That is why they outlast cheap, thin, flimsy aluminum utensils.

If a **"Wear-Ever"** utensil that costs $1.00 were made only slightly less thick and of metal a very little softer—a difference in hardness and thickness you could not tell by looking at the utensil nor by feeling it—that $1.00 **"Wear-Ever"** utensil could be sold to you for less than 70c—a fact worth remembering if you are tempted to buy aluminum utensils simply because they are cheap.

In order that more women may prove on their own stoves **"Wear-Ever" QUALITY, SERVICE and ECONOMY** we make the following special introductory offer:

"Wear-Ever"

One Quart (wine measure)

Aluminum Stew Pan

(Shown above in exact size)

40¢ *AND COUPON*

Regular Price 85c

(Pan and Cover—60¢)

For limited time, dealers are hereby authorized to sell this stew pan for 40 cents and coupon.

If you are unable to obtain one of these pans, at your dealer's, mail us this coupon together with 40 cents and we will send you a pan postpaid, and tell you name of nearest store where you can see a complete equipment of **"Wear-Ever"** utensils.

NORTHERN ALUMINUM COMPANY LTD.
Toronto, Ontario
Dept. 12

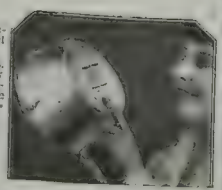
Northern Aluminum Company, Limited
Dept. 12 Toronto Ontario

Enclosed find 40c (in stamps or coin) for which send me prepaid 1-quart (wine measure) **"Wear-Ever"** aluminum stew pan. (Enclose 60c for stew pan and cover.) Money refunded if not satisfied

Name .....

Address .....

Dealer's Name .....



Holding Hands

(Continued from page 7)

manage that, too), it is only one blot on a decent and upright character. And it is unjust to have called him spider.

But when Mister Masters entered (so timidly to the eye, but really so masterfully) into little Miss Blythe's life, she could no longer tolerate the idea of marrying Mr. Blagdon. All in a twinkle she knew that horses and yachts and great riches would never make up to her for the loss of a long, bashful youth with a crooked smile. You can't be really happy if you are shivering with cold; you can't be really happy if you are dripping with heat. And she knew that without Mister Masters she must always be one thing or the other—too cold or too hot, never quite comfortable.

Her own mind was made up from the first; even to going through any number of awful scenes with Blagdon. But as time passed and her attentions (I shall have to call it that) to Mister Masters made no visible progress, there were times when she was obliged to think that she would never marry anybody at all. But in her heart she knew that Masters was attracted by her, and to this strand of knowledge she clung so as not to be drowned in a sea of despair.

HER position was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy. Sometimes Mister Masters came near her of his own accord, and remained in bashful silence; but more often she was obliged to have recourse to "accidents" in order to bring about propinquity. And even when propinquity had been established there was never any progress made that could be favorably noted. Behind her back, for instance, when she was playing tennis and he was looking on, he was quite bold in his admiration of her. And whereas most people's eyes when they are watching tennis follow the flight of the ball, Mister Masters' faithful eyes never left the person of his favorite player.

One reason for his awful bashfulness and silence was that certain people, who seemed to know, had told him in the very beginning that it was only a question of time before little Miss Blythe would become Mrs. Bob Blagdon. "She's always been fond of him," they said, "and of course he can give her everything worth having." So when he was with her he felt as if he was with an engaged girl, and his real feelings not being proper to express in any way under such circumstances, and his nature being single and without deceit, he was put in a quandary that defied solution.

But what was hidden from Mister Masters was presently obvious to Mr. Blagdon and to others. So the spider, sleepily watching the automatic enmeshment of the fly, may spring into alert and formidable action at seeing a powerful beetle blunder into the web and threaten by his stupid, aimless struggles to set the fly at liberty and to destroy the whole fabric spun with care and toil.

To a man in love there is no redder danger signal than a sight of the object of his affections standing or sitting contentedly with another man, and neither of them saying as much as boo to the other. He may, with more equanimity, regard and countenance a genuine flirtation, full of laughter and eye-making. The first time Mr. Blagdon saw them together he thought; the second time he felt; the third time he came forward graciously smiling. The web might be in danger from the beetle; the fly at the point of kicking up her heels and flying gayly away; but it may be in the power of the spider to spin enough fresh threads on the spur of the moment to rebind the fly, and even to make prisoner the doughty beetle.

"Don't you ride Mister Masters?" said Mr. Blagdon.

"Of course," said the shy one, blushing. "But I'm not to do anything violent before June."

"Sorry," said Mr. Blagdon, "because I've a string of ponies that are eating their heads off. I'd be delighted to mount you."

But Mister Masters smiled with unusual crookedness and stammered his thanks and his regrets. And so that thread came to nothing.

The spider attempted three more threads; but little Miss Blythe looked serenely up.

"I never saw such a fellow as you, Bob," said she, "for putting other people under obligations. When I think of the weight of my personal ones I shudder." She smiled innocently, and looked up into his face. "When people can't pay their debts they have to go through bankruptcy, don't they? And then their debts all have to be forgiven."

Mr. Blagdon felt as if an icy cold hand had been suddenly laid upon the most sensitive part of his back; but his expression underwent no change. His slow eyes continued to look into the beautiful brightly colored face that was turned up to him.

"Very honorable bankrupts," said he, carelessly, "always pay what they can on the dollar."

Presently he strolled away, easy and nonchalant; but inwardly he carried a load of dread and he saw clearly that he must learn where he stood with little Miss Blythe, or not know the feeling of easiness from one day to the next. Better, he thought, to be the recipient of a painful and undeserved ultimatum, than to breakfast, lunch and dine with uncertainty.

The next day, there being some dozens of people almost in earshot, Mr. Blagdon had an opportunity to speak to little Miss Blythe. Under the circumstances, the last thing she expected was a declaration; they were in full view of everybody; anybody might stroll up and interrupt. So what Mr. Blagdon had to say came to her with something the effect of sudden thunder from a clear sky.

"Phyllis," said he, "you have been looking about you since you were seventeen. Will I do?"

"Oh, Bob!" she protested.

"I have tried to do," said he, not without a fine ring of manliness. "Have I made good?"

She smiled bravely, and looked as nonchalant as possible; but her heart was beating heavily.

"I've liked being good friends—*so* much," she said. "Don't spoil it."

"I tell her," said he, "that in all the world there is only the one girl—only the one. And she says—'Don't spoil it.'"

"Bob——"

"I will *make* you happy," he said "Has it never entered your dear head that some time you must give me an answer?"

She nodded her dear head, for she was very honest.

"I suppose so," she said.

"Well," said he.

"In my mind," she said, "I have never been able to give you the same answer twice....."

"A decision is expected from us," said he. "People are growing tired of our long backing and filling."

"People! Do they matter?"

"They matter a great deal. And you know it."

"Yes, I suppose they do. Let me off for now, Bob. People are looking at us....."

"I want an answer."

But she would not be coerced.

"You shall have one, but not now. I'm not sure what it will be."

"If you can't be sure now, can you ever be sure?"

"Yes. Give me two weeks. I will think about nothing else."

"Thank you," he said. "Two weeks, ...That will be full moon.....I will ask all Aiken to a picnic in the woods, weather permitting....and—and if your answer is to be my happiness, why, you shall come up to me, and say, 'Bob—drive me home, will you?'"

"And if it's the other answer, Bob?"

He smiled in his usual, bantering way. "If it's the other, Phyills—why—you—you can walk home."

She laughed joyously, and he laughed, just as if nothing but what was light and amusing was in question between them.

(Continued on page 30)

"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—With what immense satisfaction do we enjoy a piece of good home made cake! How infinitely better it is than any we could possibly buy! Many cakes look tempting but when tasted are very dry and disappointing, lacking that flavor which good flour, baking powder, shortening, eggs and above all, home baking seem to give.

Wouldn't you like to become a better cake maker? You can, so easily. In fact, you may even become an expert and turn your baking knowledge into dollars, for everybody loves home made cake. The Royal Educational Department is ready to help you with suggestions and special instructions whenever you need assistance.

Cake Troubles

"WHY does my cake rise up in the middle?" "How do you make chocolate icing glossy?" "How must I change a cake recipe when baking in high altitude?" Hundreds of women are writing this department daily such questions as these. You also perhaps may be bothered by similar baking troubles. If so, write the Royal Educational Department. It is prepared to help you as it is helping thousands of women all over the world. Following are a few of the commonest difficulties—

***Question:* What makes my cakes split open and the batter pour down the sides?**

Answer: The oven is too hot. A crust forms before the cake has had a chance to rise completely, and the uncooked batter forces its way through the top, making a very unsightly cake with poor texture. Send for the Glazed Paper Oven Test. It is a sheet of correct oven temperatures and will be of great assistance to you

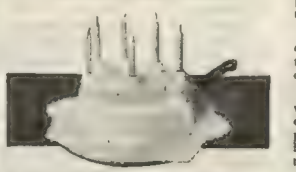
***Question:* Is it necessary to use pastry flour for cakes?**

Answer: While pastry flour is excellent for all recipes in which baking powder is used, it is not necessary and moreover not available for everyone. All recipes on these pages and in the New Royal Cook Book were made up with an ordinary good bread flour and the proportion of liquid is correct. All flour, however, should be sifted before measuring (two or three times is even better for cakes) and never packed down in the cup, but piled in very lightly.

***Question:* How can I get a fine-grained cake?**

Answer: Cream butter or other shortening before adding sugar—use fine granulated sugar if possible Beat the batter well after adding each ingredient, and when the beaten egg whites are added last, mix them lightly, but very thoroughly, into the batter. On the other hand, hard beating at this stage tends to toughen the cake. Bake the cake in a moderate oven, increasing the heat slightly after it has been in the oven about 10 minutes.

The Birthday Cake

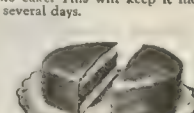


Remember grown-ups as well as little folks will appreciate a birthday cake. It must be of superfine quality. This inexpensive Pound Cake (recipe below) is delicious; for one still less costly you might try the Royal Cream Loaf Cake (page 12 New Royal Cook Book) which is so light and fine you would never dream that it requires but two eggs.

Of course the birthday cake must go as far as possible. Everybody will want a piece, perhaps two, so here is a way of cutting it that will surprise you by its economy.

With a sharp knife, beginning at the outside, cut around in circles until you reach the center, then slice through each circular piece as illustrated.

Small families, however, will not eat a whole cake at one time; therefore instead of the usual way, cut desired number of pieces from center of the cake as illustrated below. To keep the rest fresh push the two remaining pieces close together like a whole cake. This will keep it moist and soft several days.



Send for the New Royal Cook Book today—it's free and complete, containing all departments of cookery. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 134e William Street, New York

This is the fifth of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these out and put in your cook book

Pound Cake

1 cup butter
2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon lemon extract
5 eggs
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar very slowly, beating well between each addition. Add flavoring and yolks of eggs which have been beaten until pale yellow. Beat egg whites until light and add with flour which has been sifted with the baking powder two or three times. Beat mixture well for several minutes, until very light and fluffy. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about one hour. Cover with the following frosting:

Ornamental Frosting

1½ cups granulated sugar
½ cup water
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon flavoring extract
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder.

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread; add very slowly to beaten egg whites, add flavoring and baking powder and beat until smooth and stiff enough to spread. Put over boiling water stirring continually until icing grates slightly on bottom of bowl. Spread on cake, saving a small portion of icing to ornament the edge. This can be forced through a pastry tube, or, through a cornucopia made from ordinary white letter paper.

Royal Tropic Aroma Cake

(Illustrated above)

½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening; add sugar and beaten eggs. Mix well and add (sifted together) half the flour, baking powder, salt and spices; add milk and remainder of dry ingredients. Bake two-thirds of this batter in two greased layer tins, and to the remaining third add one tablespoon cocoa which has been mixed with one tablespoon boiling water. Use this for middle layer. Bake layers in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put following filling and icing between layers and on top of cake.

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoon cocoa
2 cups confectioner's sugar
3 tablespoons strong coffee
2 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream butter. Add sugar and cocoa very slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee slowly a few drops at a time, making soft enough to spread.

A Delightful Test

To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 826, 118 Sherbourne St.
Toronto, Ont.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

MADE IN CANADA

Pepsodent
REG. IN CANADA

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Don't Waste Your Time! It's Worth Money to You.

Every minute in the day that you have to spare means money in the bank to you. We'll gladly tell you how to turn time into cash. Write today to

The Secretary of The Spare Time Profit Club
259 Spadina Ave. Toronto.

Holding Hands

(*Continued from page 29*)

Along the Whiskey Road nearly the whole floating population of Aiken moved on horseback or on wheels. Every fourth or fifth runabout carried a lantern; but the presence in the long, wide-gapped procession of other vehicles or equestrians was denoted only by the sounds of voices. Half a dozen family squabbles, half a dozen flirtations (which would result in family squabbles), and half a dozen genuine romances were moving through the sweet-smelling dark to Mr. Bob Blagdon's picnic in Red Oak Hollow. Only three of the guests knew where Red Oak Hollow was, and two of these were sure that they could only find it by daylight; but the third, a noted hunter and pigeon shot, rode at the head of the procession, and pretended (he was forty-five with the heart of a child) that he was Buffalo Bill leading a lost wagon train to water. And though nobody could see him for the darkness, he played his part with minute attention to detail, listening, pulling up short, scowling to right and left, wetting a finger and holding it up to see from which direction the air was moving. He was so intent upon bringing his convoy safely through a hostile country that the sounds of laughter or of people in one runabout calling gayly to people in another were a genuine annoyance to him.

MR. BOB BLAGDON had preceded his guests by half an hour, and was already at the scene of the picnic. Fate, or perhaps the weather bureau at Washington, had favored him with just the conditions he would have wished for. The night was hot without heaviness; in the forenoon of that day there had been a shower, just wet enough to keep the surfaces of roads from rising in dust. It was now clear and bestarred, and perhaps a shade less dark than when he had started. Furthermore, it was so still that candles burned without flickering. He surveyed his preparations with satisfaction. And because he was fastidious in entertainment this meant a great deal.

A table thirty feet long, and low to the ground so that people sitting on rugs or cushions could eat from it with comfort, stood beneath the giant red oak that gave a name to the hollow. The white damask with which it was laid and the silver and cut glass gleamed in the light of dozens of candles. The flowers were Marechal Niel roses in a long bank of molten gold.

Except for the lanterns at the serving tables, dimly to be seen through a dense hedge-like growth of Kalmia latifolia, there were no other lights in the hollow; so that the dinner table had the effect of standing in a cave; for where the gleam of the candles ended, the surrounding darkness appeared solid like a wall.

It might have been a secret meeting of smugglers or pirates, the Georgian silver on the table representing years of daring theft; it seemed as if blood must have been spilled for the wonderful glass and linen and porcelain. Even those guests most hardened in luxury and extravagance looked twice at Mr. Bob Blagdon's picnic preparations before they could find words with which to compliment him upon them; and the less experienced were beside themselves with enthusiasm and delight. But Mr. Bob Blagdon was wondering what little Miss Blythe would think and say, and he thought it unkind of her, under the circumstances, to be the last to arrive. Unkind, because her doing so was either a good omen or an evil one, and he could not make up his mind which.

The guests were not homogeneously dressed. Some of the men were in dinner clothes; some were in full evening dress; some wore dinner coats above riding breeches and boots; some had cone bare-headed, some with hats which they did not propose to remove. Half the women were in low neck and short sleeves; one with short curly hair was breeched and booted like a man; others wore what I suppose may be called theater gowns; and a few who were pretty enough to stand it wore clothes suited to the hazards of a picnic in the woods.

Mr Blagdon's servants wore his racing colors, blue and silver, knee breeches, black silk stockings, pumps with silver buckles, and powdered hair. They were men picked for their height, wooden faces and well-turned calves. They moved and behaved as if utterly untouched and uninterested in their unusual and romantic surroundings; they were like jinns summoned for the occasion by the rubbing of a magic lamp.

At the last moment, when to have been any later would have been either rude or accidental, little Miss Blythe's voice was heard calling from the darkness and asking which of two roads she should take. Half a dozen men rushed off to guide her, and presently she came blinking into the circle of light, followed by Mister Masters, who smiled his crookedest smile and stumbled on a root so that he was cruelly embarrassed.

Little Miss Blythe blinked at the lights, and looked very beautiful. She was all in white and wore no hat. She had a red rose at her throat. She was grave for her—and silent.

The truth was that she had during the last ten minutes made up her mind to ask Mr. Bob Blagdon to drive her home when the picnic should be over. She had asked Mister Masters to drive out with her; and how much that had delighted him nobody knew (alas!) except Mister Masters himself. She had during the last few weeks given him every opportunity which her somewhat unconventional soul could sanction. In a hundred ways she had showed him that she liked him immensely; and well—if he liked her in the same way, he would have managed to show it, in spite of his shyness. The drive out had been a failure. They had gotten no further in conversation than the beauty and the sweet smells of the night. And finally, but God alone knows with what reluctance, she had given him up as a bad job.

The long table with its dozens of candles looked like a huge altar, and she was Iphigenia come to the sacrifice. She had never heard of Iphigenia, but that does not matter. At Mister Masters, now seated near the other end of the table, she lifted shy eyes; but he was looking at his plate, and crumbling a piece of bread. It was like saying good-by. She was silent for a moment; then, smiling with a kind of reckless gayety, she lifted her glass of champagne and turned to the host.

"To you!" she said.

Delight swelled in the breast of Mr. Bob Blagdon. He raised his hand, and from a neighboring thicket there rose abruptly the music of banjos and guitars and the loud, sweet singing of negroes.

AIKEN will always remember that dinner in the woods for its beauty and for its gayety. Two or three men, funny by gift and habit, were at their very best; and fortune adapted the wits of others to the occasion. So that the most unexpected persons became humorous for once in their lives, and said things worth remembering. People gather together for one of three reasons: to make laws, to break them, or to laugh. The first sort of gathering is nearly always funny, and if the last isn't, why then, to be sure, it is a failure. Mr. Bob Blagdon's picnic was an uproarious success. Now and then somebody's whole soul seemed to go into a laugh, in which others could not help joining, until uncontrollable snorts resounded in the hollow and eyes became blinded with tears.

And then suddenly, toward dessert, laughter died away and nothing was to be heard but such exclamations as: "For heaven's sake, look at the moon!" "Did you ever see anything like it?"

Mr. Blagdon had paid money to the owner of Red Oak Hollow for permission to remove certain trees and thickets that would otherwise have obstructed his guests' view of the moonrise. At the end of the vista thus obtained the upper rim of the moon now appeared, as in a frame. And, watching in silence, Mr. Blagdon's guests saw the amazing luminary emerge, as it were, from the earth like a bright and blameless soul from the grave, and sail clear, presently, and up ward into untroubled space: a glory serene, smiling, and unanswerable.

No one remembered to have seen the moon so large or so bright. Atomized silver poured like tides of light into the surrounding woods; and at the same time heavenly odors of flowers began to move hither and thither, to change places, to return, and pass, like disembodied spirits engaged in some tranquil and celestial dance.

And it became cooler, so that women called for light wraps, and men tied sweaters round their necks by the arms. Then at a long distance from the dinner table a bonfire began to flicker, and then grow bright and red. And it was discovered that rugs and cushions had been placed (not too near the fire) for people to sit on while they drank their coffee and liquors, and that there were logs to lean against, and boxes of cigars and cigarettes where they could most easily be reached.

It was only a question now of how long the guests would care to stay. As a gathering the picnic was over. Some did not use the rugs and cushions that had been provided for them, but strolled away into the woods. A number of slightly intoxicated gentlemen felt it their duty to gather about their host and entertain him. Two married couples brought candles from the dinner table and began a best two out of three at bridge. Sometimes two men and one woman would sit together with their backs against a log but always after a few minutes one of the men would go away "to get something" and would not return:

It was not wholly by accident that Mister Masters found himself alone with little Miss Blythe. Emboldened by the gayety of the dinner, and then by the wonder of the moon, he had had the courage to hurry to her side; and though there his courage had failed utterly, his action had been such as to deter others from joining her. So, for there was nothing else to do, they found a thick rug and sat upon it, and leaned their backs against a log.

Little Miss Blythe had not yet asked Mr. Blagdon to drive her home. Though she had made up her mind to do so, it would only be at the last possible moment of the twelfth hour. It was now that eleventh hour in which heroines are rescued by bold lovers. But Mister Masters was no bolder than a mouse. And the moon sailed higher and higher in the heavens.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said little Miss Blythe.

"Wonderful!"

"Just smell it."

"Umm."

Her sad, rather frightened eyes wandered over to the noisy group of which Mr. Bob Blagdon was the grave and silent center. He knew that little Miss Blythe would keep her promise. He believed in his heart that her decision would be favorable to him; but he was watching her where she sat with Masters and knew that his belief in what she would decide was not strong enough to make him altogether happy.

"*And* he was old enough to be her father!" repeated the gentleman in the Scotch deer stalker who had been gossiping. Mr. Blagdon smiled, but the words hurt—"old enough to be her father." "My God," he thought, "*I* am old enough—just!" But then he comforted himself with "Why not?" It's how old a man feels, not how old he is."

Then his eyes caught little Miss Blythe's, but she turned hers instantly away.

"This will be the end of the season," she said.

Mister Masters assented. He wanted to tell her how beautiful she looked.

"Do you see old Mr. Black over there?" she said. "He's pretending not to watch us, but he's watching us like a lynx. ... Did you ever start a piece of news?"

"Never," said Mister Masters.

"It would be rather fun," said little Miss Blythe. "For instance, if we held hands for a moment Mr. Black would see it, and five minutes later everybody would know about it."

Mister Masters screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and took her hand in his. Both looked toward Mr. Black as if inviting him to notice them. Mr. Black was seen almost instantly to whisper to the nearest gentleman.

"There," said little Miss Blythe, and was for withdrawing her hand. But Masters' fingers tightened upon it, and she could feel the pulses beating in their tips. She knew that people were looking, but she felt brazen, unabashed and happy. Mister Masters' grip tightened; it said: "My master has a dozen hearts, and they are all beating—for you." To return that pressure was not an act of little Miss Blythe's will. She could not help herself. Her hand said to Masters: "With the heart—with the soul." Then she was frightened and ashamed, and had a rush of color to the face.

"Let go," she whispered.

But Masters leaned toward her, and though he was trembling with fear and awe and wonder, he found a certain courage and his voice was wonderfully gentle and tender, and he smiled and he whispered: "Boo!"

* * * *

Only then did he set her hand free. For one reason, there was no need of so slight a bondage; for another, Mr. Bob Blagdon was approaching them, a little pale but smiling. He held out his hand to little Miss Blythe, and she took it.

"Phyllis," said he, "I know your face so well that there is no need for me to ask, and for you—to deny." He smiled upon her gently though it cost him an effort. "I wanted her for myself," he turned to Masters with charming frankness, "but even an old man's selfish desires are not proof against the eloquence of youth, and I find a certain happiness in saying from the bottom of my heart—bless you, my children."

The two young people stood before him with bowed heads.

"I am going to send you the silver and glass from the table," said he, "for a wedding present to remind you of my picnic." He looked upward at the moon. "If I could," said he, "I would give you that."

Then the three stood in silence and looked upward at the moon.

Forerunners of the Golden Age

(*Continued from page 22*)

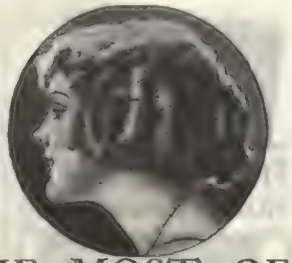
to be marked off in squares to resemble tiles—would beguile both rest and happiness. This room might have either walnut or gum furniture touched up with a bit of apricot enamel. Luther woven grass rugs in circular or oval patterns or rag rugs would be suitable, or if fortune smiles upon you a small oriental in a harmonious color combination.

With a walnut table and little side chairs to be used for breakfast service, either brown or green stained wicker would combine prettily. Dull green velvet cushions for the arm chairs would be most effective.

There are many combinations which will work out effectively with a little thought given to the suggestions offered by cretonnes and chintz. Plain walls are best in such small rooms, but there is no rule against the liveliest hangings.

Just be sure when you choose the colorings that this gay little parasitic growth on the family roof tree blends with the adjoining rooms. It should never be a shocking contrast, but reveal the family in one of its gayest moods, holding fast to the dignity of life, but still yearning toward youth and the open.

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair very high. All these and other individual features, must be taken into consideration inselecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural —when it looks most like you.



MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR HAIR

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands clinz together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

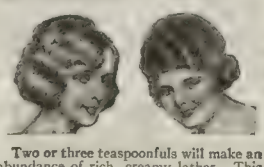
While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women everywhere now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A SIMPLE, EASY METHOD

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.



Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm, water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky

in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water.

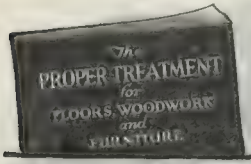
RINSE THE HAIR THOROUGHLY

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

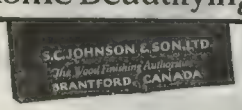
After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



FREE-This Book on Home Beautifying



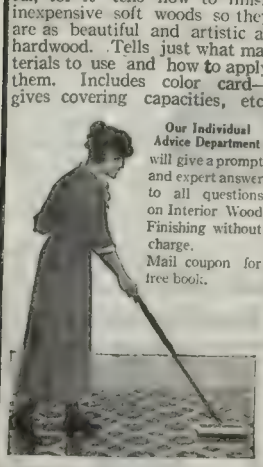
THIS book contains practical suggestions on how to make your home artistic, cheery and inviting. Explains how you can easily and economically refinish and keep furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum in perfect condition. Use coupon below.

JOHNSON'S
Paste - Liquid - Powdered
PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax comes in three convenient forms—***Paste Wax*** for polishing all floors and linoleum. ***Liquid Wax***, the dust-proof polish for furniture, pianos, woodwork and automobiles. ***Powdered Wax*** for perfect dancing floors.

Are You Building?

If so, you will find our book particularly interesting and useful, for it tells how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hardwood. Tells just what materials to use and how to apply them. Includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.



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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DO YOU WANT A NEW RECIPE

Or have you some other household problem you would like to talk over with

KATHERINE M. CALDWELL

All Questions are Answered Promptly by Mail. A Few Which are of General Interest are Printed in These Columns.

Q Do you know of any good registry office for maids, or is there any kind of training school or classes for maids and where would their graduates be found? I have a superior maid for twelve years, and am at sea now she has gone home. Are you in touch with any? I want an intelligent and experienced one if possible, but have advertised in my home town without success.

A There is no training school or class that I know of, although such a thing has often been mooted. I can only recommend you to try the Government Employment Bureau in Toronto; they are continually placing maids in out-of-town positions, but they tell me that there has never been such a bad time for obtaining help as just now. However, if you will apply there, giving full particulars, I am sure they will do what they can for you.

Carrying The School Lunch

Q Please give me advice on how to prepare a school lunch for one pupil and what to carry it in.

A I am having mailed to you an article on the school lunch, and how the food should be balanced so as to give the proper nourishment.

If you have a Thermos bottle or flask, the size of it will probably have to determine the kind of carrier you use. I think the nicest thing is one of those carrier baskets with a lid that opens in the middle; failing that an ordinary basket or pail would serve, although the pail is a more awkward shape for packing food in. If you have time, you could make a nice little carrier from a small fibre case—the flat kind that closes with a snap fastening. These cases can be arranged to hold a thermos bottle and a tin box for sandwiches, by making a false card board bottom to which are attached elastic bands of the right size to slip snugly over the box and flask. The bottom is then glued firmly in place and, with bottle placed lengthways and tin box across one end, leaves a nice space in which to pack some fruit, cookie or a piece of cake. Another elastic band may be prepared ready to hold a small screw-top jar of stewed fruit, though it will not be necessary to include this every day. Whether you have the more elaborate case or a simple pail, the article I have sent you will tell you what to pack that will balance the meal correctly and appeal to the hungry child.

A Candy Maker

Q I always have trouble when making candy containing milk, as this curdles. What should I do? Do you think keeping it stirred constantly would help?

A We cannot understand why you should have curdled candy, as it is a thing we have never before heard of. Toffee and candy made with water is never stirred, because stirring has a tendency to "sugar" the mixture. Maple cream, fudge and other milk candy might be carefully stirred during cooking, although it is not usually done. The only way in which curdling could be caused is by the use of fruit juices together with the milk—or, of course, if the milk is not perfectly fresh the heat of the stove might turn it. Any fruit juice or even flavouring essences should be added carefully after the candy is cooked.

We wonder whether your candy is really curdling at all, or whether what you take for "curdle" is really improperly dissolved sugar, or some impurity found in sugar that is not well refined? As a last resource, we would try skimming the curdled part off as it boils up, and then we don't think you are likely to have any more trouble. If in spite of all your efforts the milk still turns, why not use Condensed Milk, which is most atisfactory for candy.

Plenty of Choice

Q What are all the different kinds of fruits from which jelly can be made?

A Jelly may be made from the following fruits: Apple, Barberry, Blackberry, Black currant, Crabapple, Cranberry, Damson, Grape, Grapefruit, Lemon, Mulberry, Orange, Peach, Plum, Quince, Raspberry, Red currant, Elderberry. Then, of course, there are various combinations of two or more fruits. The thing to remember in jelly making is that pectin is necessary to produce the "jell"; therefore fruits lacking in pectin must be combined with others that have it. The most usual jellies are Apple (or crabapple), Blackberry, Currant (black and red), Grape, Orange and Quince.

Do You Want Some Pin Money?

Then perhaps we can help you.

A friend of ours in an American city has written to ask where she can obtain sweet grass, for the making of baskets, etc. She wants to buy direct from the gatherer.

If any subscriber, who happens to live where the sweet grass grows, will write to us and give particulars as to how much she could supply, and when, I shall be pleased to put her in touch with our American friend, who will gladly pay a reasonable sum for the service rendered. Address your letters to the Service Secretary, and mark them "Sweet Grass", please.

If you have not yet sent for the coupon book which entitles you to ask for service 100 times use the coupon on page 44.

All sections of the Service Department may by consulted free by subscribers; non-subscribers should send a fee of $1.00 for each question asked

A CORSET that conforms to natural, anatomic laws could not be anything but comfortable, nor fail to promote a graceful, shapely figure. BIAS FILLED CORSETS are scientifically perfect. They cannot cramp or bind—but gently mold the figure to lines of smartness and elegance. There is a patented BIAS CORSET for every type of figure.

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD SERVICE DEPARTMENT

IS YOUR BABY HEALTHY ?

Our Aim is to Help You Keep Him So. Our Specialist Will Tell You How He Should be Fed and Cared For, to Give Him the Best Possible Chance in Life.

All Questions About Your Baby are Answered Promptly by Mail. A Few Which are of General Interest are Printed in These Columns.

By One of Canada's Leading Child Experts

Starting With Cereals.

Q My baby is nine months old, in the best of health, breast fed, and cutting his fourth tooth. I understand that I should now start feeding him Cream of Wheat, etc., but do not know just what quantity. Will you please send me a diet sheet, and also advise on how, and what age, to wean him. He won't take a bottle but can drink nicely from a cup

A Your baby is now of the right age for weaning, and you should begin at once to make this change. The best way is to do it gradually, substituting a bottle each day for a nursing, so that it takes about a week for the baby to become completely accustomed to the bottle. If your baby won't take a bottle there seems no reason why the same feeding should not be given in a cup, provided he can take the full quantity that way. When you get to the end of the week, you begin to give 1 tablespoonful of cereal, prepared according to diet schedule sent by mail, before the 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. feedings. After the second week, increase this quantity to 2 tablespoonfuls. Give some of the modified milk on the cereal and the rest in a bottle or cup. At the age of ten months you can get your baby on to the complete schedule for that age. You will see that the change is made gradually from the breast feedings to the semi-solid diet, and takes just about a month to complete.

Look out for Tonsils.

Q My little boy is twenty months old, weighs 24 lbs., weighed 7 lbs. at birth. He seems bright and happy, has sixteen teeth, but keeps very pale. I feed him according to the diet sheet recently sent me, and give a little olive oil every day. Could you suggest anything to make him gain in weight and improve in color? He is in the fresh air as much as possible.

A Your boy is certainly much underweight,as a seven-pound baby should weigh approximately 21 lbs. at one year of age. Children who do not gain in weight when kept on a normal diet usually have some physical defect, such as enlarged tonsils or adenoids, which keeps them back.

If, after giving the diet we sent you a thorough trial, you are not satisfied with your boy's progress, we suggest that you consult a doctor to see if he cannot find the cause of the trouble. The very fact that he remains pale would suggest that there is some other than nutritional trouble.

She Cries all the Time.

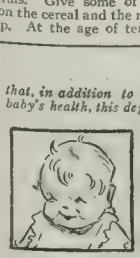
Q My baby girl is 2 months old and is not doing well. I nursed her at first but she did not get enough so I put her on Horlick's Malted Milk; she had diarrhoea so I stopped it. I now have her on barley water, some brandy, lime water, sugar of milk and about a teaspoonful of cream (what we call top milk), but she just screams all the time. She would like to be feeding constantly, and when I take her food away, she just cries until the two hours are up and I give her more. I don't know what to do with her; she only weighs 8 lbs. now and she weighed that when she was born. Her present food agrees with her, nothing else I tried did, but what can be the matter with her when she cries all the time and wants to be fed constantly?

A I am sorry you were not able to nurse your baby, and feel sure if you had only written us before she came we could have given you instructions that would have enabled you to do so. Too many mothers wait until the baby is born before finding out how to nurse it, and then they find they don't know how and the baby has to be put on artificial food.

You must remember that while a baby sometimes cries because it does not get enough food, it more often cries because it gets too much. It is the baby who gets just enough, and is comfortable, who causes no disturbance. You are feeding your baby too often, to begin with—every two hours does not give the little stomach a chance to empty itself. We should like you to give your baby a modified milk formula, which we are sending you by mail, and feed her every three hours from 6 a.m. to 12 midnight, regularly by the clock, no matter whether baby is asleep or what you are doing. Do not feed during the night. After a few days of this feeding she will have settled down to normal behaviour; if she does not, you may be sure there is some other trouble that should be dealt with and you had better see your doctor. Do not get her into the habit of being picked up; it is better for her to lie, and picking up will only encourage her to expect nursing and walking about, thus preparing a rod for your own back.

Do You Know

that, in addition to answering personally any specific question about baby's health, this department provides, for free distribution to members of the Service Institute, the following:—



Breast-feeding schedule for babies up to 9 months of age.

Bottle-feeding schedule for babies up to 9 months of age.

Diet schedules from
10 months to 14 months
12 months to 18 months
18 months to 24 months
24 months to 10 years

Simply send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a coupon and state which schedule you wish to have; it will be mailed by return.

If you have not yet sent for the coupon book which entitles you to ask for service 100 times, use the coupon on page 44.

All sections of the Service Department may be consulted free by subscribers; non-subscribers should send a fee of $1.00 for each question asked

FREE 2 Gifts for Baby Simply Mail the Coupon

What I learned about babies

New principles now applied to overcoming baby rash and skin irritations

By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

SCIENCE has lately made astonishing advancements in infant hygiene.

Recent investigations show that three babies in five suffer with diaper rash, urine scald or other form of skin irritation.

Hence, when baby is cross and trying, modern baby specialists are now directing mothers to look first for one of those conditions, rather than for a more serious disorder.

The purpose of the following is to explain, in simple terms, the *cause* of irritations and to offer mothers, free and postpaid, liberal test packages of a new and radically different way to overcome them.

The Cause of Irritation

The pores of the skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body. *Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant.* So does urine, but more intensely so.

These acids make the skin raw, tender, susceptible to rash. Infection often follows. Urine scald is sheer torture—yet it is common among babies.

Hence, as your doctor will tell you, the problem is to combat these acids—to make them harmless to the skin. Old methods failed to do this. They aimed merely to *dry* the moisture—failed to combat the acids.

Now We Combat It

After extensive research work in our laboratories, new principles were discovered—principles based upon the experiences, in daily practice, of 112 baby doctors, dermatologists and specialists in infant hygiene. Results are quick—and amazing.

These principles are now embodied in an important new requisite for the nursery—B & B Baby Talc. It strikes at the cause of irritation—*overcomes the irritant acids of perspiration and urine.* Highest authorities approve it. All mothers, they urge, should employ it. Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is gently healing—*a scientific preventive of rash and irritation.*

It establishes a new era in infant hygiene—an era of babies who laugh more often than they cry.

A Soap Too!

A mother's zeal in keeping her baby sweet and clean frequently finds expression in an unfortunate choice of soap. B&B Baby Soap is made of edible fats. It lathers freely, dries slowly and rinses off readily. It contains a slight percentage of zinc oxide, hence is mildly healing. Bland and soothing, it provides a *safe soap* for your baby.

Mail Coupon for Free Samples

We want all mothers to try this new way of making babies happy. So we invite them to mail the coupon for liberal trial packages of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap, free and postpaid. Simply mail the coupon, that is all.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited
Toronto, Canada
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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B&B Baby Talc
B&B Baby Soap

B&B Products

Your druggist offers you, in all Bauer & Black products, the results of 28 years of ethical service to the medical profession and the public.

MAIL THIS E.W.W. 3-22

BAUER & BLACK, Limited
96 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap—these without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City and Province .....

The Best Dish

In this land of good things

Every land has its national breakfast. This is America's—Puffed Rice in cream.

Countless foreign people who have seen it pictured envy you this dish. There is no cereal dainty in any land to compare with it.

Rice grains puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. Flaky, thin and flimsy. Made by an hour of fearful heat to taste like toasted nuts.

Food cells steam exploded

Blend with your fruits

But the great fact is this: Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is thus blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete.

So with Puffed Wheat. That premier grain supplies 16 needed elements. This process makes them all available as foods.

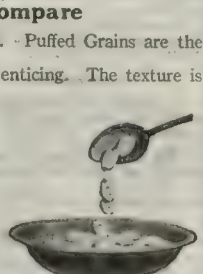
That was Prof. Anderson's object in creating Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat.

Why no other foods compare

This process alone breaks up every food cell. Puffed Grains are the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Then this bubble form makes whole grains enticing. The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts.

Don't let a day go by without your children getting Puffed Grains in some way.



At night—Puffed Wheat in milk

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat steam exploded

Puffed Rice

Rice puffed to bubbles

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada Saskatoon, Canada

EVERYMOTHER'S MONTHLY SERVICE CLUB

A helpful, practical article that will aid mothers to understand and cope with a very common problem by one of Canada's foremost child specialists

Can We Save More Babies

By Study of the Child's Needs Before and After Birth

RECENTLY the writer's attention was drawn to a press report of the infant mortality rate of the city of Christiana the capital of Norway. This rate was so low that the news had been cabled to all the civilized countries of the world. New Zealand had previously held the lowest record—about 48—but the rate in Christiana was only 33, a substantial reduction on even this remarkable rate.

By infant mortality rate is meant the number of deaths during one year, of infants under twelve months as compared with every one thousand live births in the same period. For example, if there were two thousand live births in one year and during that time two hundred babies under one year died, then the infant mortality rate would be one hundred. This method of estimating the relative infant mortality rate is utilized throughout the world.

One important factor necessary for a low mortality rate, besides good health methods, of course, is an accurate registration of all births. In the older countries, birth registration within a certain time is absolutely necessary. This tends of course, to increase the number of live births and so reduces the infant mortality rate.

In this country our laws are not severe enough in regard to birth registration—the result being that many births are never registered at all. In the city of Toronto recently, the Health Department tried to make an estimate of the percentage of live births reported. The paper reports of births, the church registration of baptisms, etc. were all scrutinized and compared with the births registered. It was found that about fifteen per cent of births were not registered. This, of course, would mean that the infant mortality rate of Toronto should be taken about fifteen per cent. lower than the rate of 86.8 as given out.

We give below the infant mortality rate of a few cities to show how much they vary. "The higher the rate, the poorer the health measures," may usually be taken for granted.

Bombay	rate 630	babies not cared for.
Berlin	" 146	bad economic conditions.
Chicago	" 111	
New York	" 97	Larger cities with
London	" 93	efficient Health
Toronto	" 86.8	Departments.
Christiana	" 33	

A study of these rates as given, would be very interesting. We just wish to point out a few facts, however. Obviously, in Bombay, in addition to the greater dangers of tropical diseases, etc., there is not much attention given to either the expectant mother before the birth of her child, nor is there any attention (public health measures) given to the baby after confinement.

The city of Berlin as it is at present, is an example of the necessity of sufficient money to carry on with, as there is no doubt that the present rate is mainly influenced by this economic factor.

HOWEVER, what we are particularly interested in, is the reason of the low mortality rate in Christiana. We find there is only one answer to this—namely *the prevalence of breast-feeding.* The mothers nurse their infants during the dangerous period of their life, i.e. during the first six to eight months. It has often been estimated that seven bottle-fed babies die to one breast-fed infant. This is easily understood when one remembers the number of babies that die of diarrhoea during the summer—babies that are all fed on the bottle. Another interesting argument in favor of breast-feeding is the well-known historical fact that during the Siege of Paris in the war of 1870—the mothers had to breast-feed their infants and during that period,—the infant mortality rate was *cut in half.*

However, this modern example of what can be done towards saving babies should teach us on this continent, the lesson of the great importance of breast-food as a means of saving more babies. One should say, not only saving more babies, but also producing healthier ones—babies who will grow into robust boys and girls because they have been started right.

The question naturally follows, "How can breast-feeding be increased?"

The first important help along this line is that mothers should make up their minds they are going to nurse their offspring. Probably there has been a falling off in breast-feeding as compared with fifty years ago. There is so much doing in modern life and there are so many patented foods placed before the mother, that the result has been a decrease in breast-feeding. But every conscientious mother should determine to give her child a square deal and a good start in life. There is only one way to do this and that is to feed in nature's way.

Let the expectant mother make up her mind early that she is going to nurse her child. In the old days, the mother's expected to do nothing else but nurse their children. They thought of nothing else. Everything during the pre-natal period was focused on that fact. Perhaps one would state it more correctly if one said that expectancy to breast-feed was so natural that it did not require any effort or forethought. Our mothers just naturally expected to nurse, just as they expected the sun to rise and set each day.

Having realized the work of love which is before her, every expectant mother should endeavor to learn all about breast-feeding. She should learn during the pre-natal period, so that the actual experience will just be a putting into practice of what she already knows.

BREAST-feeding folders may be obtained by writing the Service Department of this magazine. Get the correct information and study it.

My advice to the expectant mother is: Having learned what is expected of you, lead the life which is going to be productive of the best results. Get your proper exercise, eat proper food, be sure of sufficient rest and sleep. Avoid all forms of excitement which will only upset you.

Buy a pair of good household scales, that you may weigh your baby to see that it is growing properly and what is of the greatest importance, that you may learn how much breast-milk the baby is obtaining from you.

Your pamphlet will tell you how much milk your baby requires, based on its *weight (not its age.)*

It will also tell you how often to feed your infant. This depends, of course, on how much milk is present in the breast. If there is plenty, the four hour interval is the best. If there is not much, the three hour interval is the better. Always remember that the nursing of the baby stimulates the flow of milk and that the emptying of the breast at each nursing is necessary to keep the flow of milk uniform.

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36	26	40	42	32	45
38	28	42			

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REMEMBER: When ordering, enclose check or money order for the amount of patterns ordered, as we make no provision for charge accounts or C.O.D. delivery. When your order is ready to mail, look it over once more to see that *it is correctly made out.* We do not exchange patterns.

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Enclosed find $.....for which please send me Royal Patterns listed below:

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Costume			
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Suit			
Waist			
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Coat			
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Skirt			
Skirt			
Skirt			

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Street.....

City.. ..... Province.....

Before mailing your order, look over once more to make sure that you have given the right number, or numbers, and stated the sizes correctly. When sizes are not specified, 36-inch bust and 26-inch waist measurement will be sent. To avoid delay, enclose full remittance with order.

**Patterns are supplied only of the designs which bear numbers.*

NOTE.—We will be unable to furnish patterns for the styles shown in this month's issue later than five months hence. Readers desiring these styles for later use are advised to order them now.

EVERYWOMAN'S SERVICE INSTITUTE

YOU HAD A HOUSE-FURNISHING PROBLEM?

A few of our readers' questions, which are of general interest, are selected for publication in these columns. All questions for this Department are answered promptly by

FAYE ELIZABETH SMITH

Brightness For Breakfast!

Q. Would old ivory enamel be nice for the woodwork in my breakfast room? How could I deal with a very small corner china closet, with glass doors above and cupboard below? All my rooms are bright, but this is particularly so.

A. I would finish the corner cupboard to match the woodwork, and unless the glass doors are ornamental, I think I would remove them and use the shelves to display some quaint china. This would emphasize the informality which is the chief charm of the breakfast room. Doors or no doors, I would make this cupboard contribute to the decoration. Ivory enamel woodwork would be nice, and cretonne with bright birds would make an ideal drapery with Japanese yellow breakfast ware in the cupboard.

Upstairs And Down

Q. My bedroom furniture is mahogany. Would plain old ivory enamel be nice for the woodwork, and what colour would you suggest for the small rug and curtains?

What could I have for the kitchen other than white enamel (which I think has too much glare). Perhaps I might have something in blue and yellow, with blue gingham curtains?

A. For your bedroom I would like ivory enamel very much. How would you like soft, creamy yellow walls, a paper with a silvery allover pattern of tiny design, or a stripe, cream voile glass curtains with apricot taffeta over-draperies bound in narrow silver braid. A filet band of soft, delicate greyish-green roses and leaves might be used to catch them back slightly. A lampshade for the bedside table of gold silk covered in the same greenish georgette and ornamented with a touch of apricot and silver; soft green or grey rugs, and perhaps a willow chair with soft green or apricot cushions would complete a charming room. Any picture frames should be black or silver, in either case narrow and delicate.

Yellow or light French grey is always good in a kitchen, and either would combine with the gingham curtains to make a housewife love her vocation.

My Bedroom

Q. I am a girl of sixteen coming to you for advice about the redecorating and furnishing of my bedroom. I would like it to be attractive, but economy must be the primary consideration. The room is small (about eight by nine feet) and has three doors—hall, balcony and cupboard—a southern exposure, but no window. I plan to have a window cut in the wall that would open and close on hinges. Would this be suitable for a bedroom? The balcony door is half glass. What pieces of furniture would be best for so small a room, and what colour scheme do you suggest? I have a small fumed oak table, with a shelf about 8 in. below the top; could this be utilized as a bedside table? I thought that a soft yellow would be a good colour to use as a background for walls, woodwork and furniture, or would this produce too much of a sameness? Would pale blue voile, hand hemstitched, make nice curtains and bureau covers? A single bed, small willow armchair, bureau with the mirror removed and hung above it from the moulding, a small lamp with black enamel base and blue silk shade for the end of the bureau, and a blue rag rug were my ideas for furnishings, but perhaps you could suggest newer, prettier, or more suitable things for a young girl's room. The floor, which is soft wood, was once oil stained in a very dark colour and now no paint will stay on it. What treatment could I adopt? The wall is now papered and has a plate rail. I would like to have it painted or tinted; could I have the rail removed and the painting done over the top of the paper?

A. I think your plans for the little bedroom are perfectly alright. The room ought to be pretty when it is finished, and will look larger for having the same soft yellow for walls and furnishings. Be careful to get a very soft yellow verging on buff—yellow is so yellow if you get a tone even the tiniest bit too deep. The walls should be lightest, the woodwork two tones darker and the furniture a shade in between. The floor need not worry you, if the stain is even. Simply wax it and polish well.

I think you would have a prettier room if, instead of cutting in a small window, you have the door replaced by a single French glass door the full length. It will give you plenty of light and will do away with the necessity for sacrificing the much-needed wall space. You cannot paint successfully on paper. The walls should be stripped first, and I would advise you to remove the plate rail. Any line running round a room tends to decrease its size.

Marks on the Polish

Q. How can I remove marks from a polished table made by hot dishes standing on it?

A. You will probably find that sweet oil will remove these marks, if the dishes were not hot enough actually to move the surface of the varnish. If the varnish was removed a quick rub the way of the grain with a clean cloth moisten ed in pure alcohol will spread the polish again.

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If You Would Build of Frame

(*Continued from page 10*)

subject to a proportionately high insurance rate. This arraignment of the chief objectionable features surely indicates that no special brief is held here for the all-wood house.

THERE is, however, the other side to consider. If *properly* maintained and adequately safeguarded from the ravages of fire, the all-wood house has durability in its favor. He who doubts this assertion has only to visit some of the century-old frame houses in certain sections of Ontario or some of the still older homes of New England. For instance, the Narbourne house in Salem, Massachusetts, dates from between 1640 and 1650; still another Salem house stands in a perfect state of preservation today, though built in 1684. Indeed, in the same city, the frame houses erected in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are almost commonplace.

Then, as against its increased cost of maintenance, arising from the necessity for frequent painting, the all-wood house has the advantage of perennial youth—, a coat of paint causing it to appear as free from the effects of passing time as on the day of its completion. Still another pleasant attribute is its adaptability to additions and alterations—and that is no unimportant matter, as a remarkably low percentage of houses permanently retain their original features *in toto*.

Even the tendency to "settle," which has already been mentioned as a frequently-raised objection to the frame house, with the consequent throwing out of plumb of the doors and the cracking of the inside plaster, can be overcome if, instead of the customary wooden girder extending across the cellar ceiling, a *steel beam* be used. Ordinarily, one end of the floor joists rests upon the masonry foundation, the other upon the wooden girder. Naturally, as the wooden girder shrinks, the joists sag, and with them sags the whole framework of the house. This sagging is, of course, avoided by the use of the steel beam, which, compared with the value of its non-shrinking quality, is well worth the additional outlay.

Frame construction presents an opportunity for a diversity of exterior wall treatments. Shingles, either painted, stained or left to weather; painted clapboards; wide siding, stained or painted; battened boarding, vertically applied; there surely is an infinite variety of wall materials for the all-wood house. But frame construction can assume still another guise! The exterior walls can be satisfactorily surfaced with plaster, applied over either wood or metal lath. And that, of course, means a greater leeway in the selection of a suitable architectural style if you would build of frame.

THIS delightful little house is elementally true to the architectural traditions of New England, not alone in its general form, but in its material construction. It is built entirely of frame, with the outer walls finished in clapboards that are painted pure white to match the trim. To give a pleasant accent of color, the blinds are painted a dark blue-green—the "shutter green" long associated with white-painted houses. Weathered shingles sheath the quaint gambrel roof and the dormer windows, as well as the roof of the porch.

The massive central chimney is of red brick, laid in white mortar. Its position is ideal, both economically and artistically, for a house of this type; for the early New England houses almost invariably were built around a great centrally-located chimney that contained all the flues of such heating agencies as the houses possessed. Less true to precedent is the living-porch at the side of the house—for the generous living-porch is a comparatively modern innovation. Nevertheless, in this instance, the architects have maintained in the design of the porch that simplicity of line and detail which pervades the balance of the house.

The tiny entrance-porch which centres the front of the house is, in reality, merely a projection of the hall. This treatment has not only added a decorative note to the exterior, but has increased the practicability of the hall—which would, otherwise, be too small for convenience. Half-hidden by the white painted trellises, little windows on the sides of the projection admit ample light to the hall.

Small as the hall is, even with the projection, it provides communication between the living room on the left and the dining room on the right. From it, also, the second floor is accessible.

(*Continued on page 38*)

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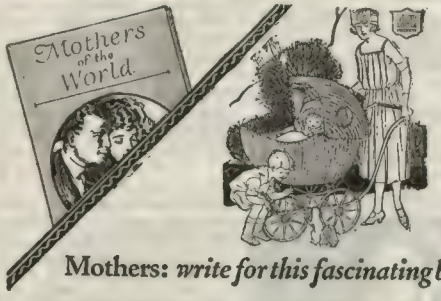
Robinson Crusoe

By
JONATHAN BRACE

Who do you think was the first Boy Scout?
Robinson Crusoe, without a doubt.
At least, all the things which a Scout learns to do,
Robinson knew, and other things too.
Lucky for him that he knew Scout lore;
For as you all know he was wrecked on the shore
Of an island where nobody ever had dwelt.
Imagine how thankful the lad must have felt
That he knew what to do and needn't rely
For shelter and food on some ship sailing by.

As soon as poor Robinson saw what a plight
Faced him there, stranded, with no help in sight,
He started at once to save all that he could
From the wreck of his ship. So with pieces of wood
He fashioned a raft and brought safely to land
Everything useful which came to his hand.
Hatchets and guns, and his dog was saved too,
Clothing and food and of seeds, just a few,
All these he treasured and out of them made
A table and chairs and even a spade.

He built a strong house and made useful coats
As well as a sunshade from skins of the goats
Which he found on his island. He thus lived quite well
For many a year, till one day there befell
A fearful adventure, for what should he see
On the sand but a footprint as plain as could be.
This meant that some savages surely were here
On his island. The thought of it filled him with fear.
The way he discovered the cannibal tribe
And rescued Man Friday, I won't here describe.
For girls and all boys to their bookshelves should go
And read that strange story, by Daniel Defoe,
Of Robinson Crusoe. And meanwhile, my dears,
He's here as your Playmate, so get out your shears.



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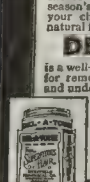

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Dept. R-71 Front St. E. Toronto

If You Would Build of Frame

(*Continued from page 37*)

Nor has the useful coat-closet been omitted; although, owing to the exigencies of curtailed area, it has been arranged to open from the living room, rather than from the hall. This, however, in so small a house, is architecturally legitimate.

THE living room is of that oblong contour which always facilitates the artistic placement of furniture. It is lighted from three sides and connected intimately with the living-porch by French casements. A generous fireplace is the chief architectural feature of the room. Faced with red brick, the fireplace carries a simple little mantel that is finished in ivory-white enamel to correspond with the standing woodwork in the living room, hall and dining room.

Although the dining room is far from large, it is lighted upon two sides and its wall-openings are so disposed that suitable spaces remain for all the essential furniture. The close relationship between the dining room and the living room also suggests that, even in the tiniest of homes, careful planning can pave the way to informal entertaining.

The kitchen matches the dining room in area. In point of equipment, it leaves little to be desired. Light enters it from *three* sides; and, with such an array of windows, the ventilation is ideal. A counter extends along one entire side. It is centred by the sink and terminated by built-in closets that provide ample storage-space for stores, pots and pans. In one corner, between two windows, the stationary wash-tubs are almost perfectly located. The range has its place near the dining room door—and there is still room for a work-table in the centre of the kitchen. Walls, ceiling and woodwork of this pleasant little service department are finished alike in French gray enamel.

The kitchen opens to a small rear hall, whence descend the steps to the kitchen. This hall also leads to the porch at the back of the house; hence supplies can be taken to the kitchen without passage through the kitchen. In the hall, near the door, a little alcove is provided for the refrigerator.

UPON the second floor, the hall area has been reduced to the very minimum compatible with convenience. Opposite the stair-landing, there is a window which insures adequate light; and, at each side of this window, is a closet for linen and other supplies. The bathroom at one end of the hall serves the three bedrooms on the floor—and yet it can be conveniently reached from the lower floor. Each of the bedrooms has the advantage of diagonal ventilation and a roomy closet. In each room, too, there are abundant opportunities for an agreeable and practical disposal of the furniture.

A very small house is never thoroughly satisfactory unless it possesses proper and sufficient storage-space. In this home there is, fortunately, a commodious attic, accessible by a staircase secreted in the closet which opens from the owner's bedroom. This attic, together with the generous arrangement of closets on the first and second floors, affords the space which is always so dear to the heart of the good housekeeper.

THE gambrel roof is susceptible to many pleasing variations and to several distinctive types of fenestration. In this instance, the fenestration assumes form as a *continuous dormer*—as one long unit, in place of the two separate dormer-windows shown in *Example "O-D."* For a house as large as this, the continuous dormer is, of course, preferable. Upon the exterior, it is more restful in effect: and it is more practical indoors, as it avoids needless breaks in the ceiling-line of the second floor.

Unstained redwood shingles—these in weathering assume an especially attractive coloring—are used to sheath both the gambrel roof and the exterior walls of this agreeably-proportioned house, which is of frame construction throughout. The general wood-trim—and, with the trellised entrance and the wide living-porch at one side, there is much of it—is painted a soft ivory-white. As for the blinds at the upper and lower windows—do you know *marine green*? It is an alluring hue, midway 'twixt green and gray, that is ideal when combined with weathered shingles and ivory paint. The two red brick chimneys give a further touch of interesting color.

The house nestles close to the ground; and thereby is homey-ness of effect increased. The house which is perched too high upon its foundation rarely looks homelike. When, however, climatic conditions make a high foundation desirable or necessary, the appearance of excessive height can be modified by suitable planting around the base of the house or by terracing the grounds in the front to within a foot or so of the first-storey floor-line. Neither of these treatments need prevent the generous lighting of the basement by windows located upon the back and sides of the house—and yet either of them will take away that stilted appearance that ruins so many modern houses.

FROM the central entrance porch, the main doorway admits to a estibul vethat is flanked by coat-closets: thence to a wide hall which extends to the rear wall of the house. Quite evidently the first floor has been planned with a view to creating long vistas and generous intercommunication facilities—and, as a result, it is unusually spacious and airy in effect. A wide, columned doorway connects the hall with the living room on the left and an archway equipped with sliding doors communicates with the dining room on the right. Midway down the hall, pilasters support a plaster-arch, which *suggests* the division of the room into two distinct units: the reception-hall at the front and the staircase-hall at the rear.

On a direct axis with the columned doorway between the living room and the hall, French casements open from the former room to a large square living porch—and, from this porch, there is a delightful vista through the living room and the hall to the dining room beyond. Instead of the conventional balustrade, built-in seats and sturdy flower-boxes bound the porch, while the trellised supports invite the growth of sheltering vines.

The living room, which is lighted upon two sides, has as its most notable feature a large open fireplace that centres the lower end of the room. A bookcase is built-in at one side of the fireplace to balance a doorway upon the other side leading to an unusually attractive den.

The den possesses windows upon three sides and an open fireplace upon the remaining side: an arrangement that assures comfort and good cheer at all seasons of the year. From the den, a second door gives access to a tiny passage that is directly connected with the hall. Opening from this passage is that always-desirable feature, a commodious coat-closet: and, near it, is a lavatory which occupies the space beneath the main staircase.

THE dining room is especially pleasant by reason of the vista it enjoys towards the living room and the porch. Its attractiveness is also increased by the large flower-alcove created by the pilastered archway. Upon the wall directly opposite the alcove, the central position is given over to a well-designed built-in china-closet. Built-in furniture of this type is commendable when sparingly employed, for it does undoubtedly impart an atmosphere of permanence to a home. On the other hand, if employed too freely, it naturally prevents the occasional changes in the placement of furniture which is so essential in every house—and more especially in any much-used rooms. It has, too, an economic value: very often otherwise useless space can be equipped with built-in features,

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Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex: then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant,—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Fulness After Eating

If you have fulness after meals, a bad taste in your mouth in the morning, fur on the tongue, flatulence after meals and no appetite, take Mother Seigel's Syrup. It will clean your tongue, renew your appetite, give you relish for food and the power to digest it thoroughly and easily. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles at drug stores. 4-921

and frequently at a lower cost than a corresponding piece of mobiliary furniture would entail.

A large serving-pantry intervenes between the dining room and the kitchen. In it is a convenient arrangement of built-in dresser, cupboard, shelves and sink—all adequately lighted. Another large pantry, suitably provided with shelves and dressers, adjoins the kitchen, while the rear entry provides a satisfactory space for the refrigerator. Nor has a separate closet for pots and pans been overlooked. There is also a broom-closet, tucked in upon the service-stairs rising to the second floor. Exceptionally well-equipped, then, is the entire service department.

Upon the second floor, the owner's suite occupies the space above the living room and the den. Here, a large gown-closet receiving outside light and air is an especially interesting feature. There are three other bedrooms and a second bathroom upon the floor. Closets, of course, have been created with an unstinted hand—and they add much to the convenience of the house.

The service-stairs are contained within a private hall, from which they ascend to the third floor, where comfortable sleeping accommodation and toilet facilities have been arranged for the servants.

OF frame construction? Yes: but in this example the frame construction is quite concealed by an exterior wall-coating of cement plaster. The plaster is of rather rough texture and of a particularly soft yellowish-tone suggestive of mellowed lace or ivory. Against such a background, the white-painted trim and the dark green shutters stand out in pleasant relief. For the casement-sills, the towering chimney and for the coping of the porches and terrace, warm-hued red brick is used with colorful effect: and the wide-spreading gambrel roof is covered with shingles stained to a rich moss green.

The use of a gambrel roof is interesting in this instance because the house is otherwise of the true bungalow type—that is, all of its *necessary* rooms are located upon the ground floor, although the second floor is in area and height suited to the provision of additional rooms should occasion arise.

A wide terrace, paved with cement, lies before the house: and at each end is a graceful, trellis-roofed porch. From this terrace, three French casements admit to a large living room that extends across the entire width of the house. Lighted upon three sides and graced by an open fireplace, equipped with built-in fireside seats and with a wide doorway that communicates with the dining-room, the living room could scarcely be other than cheerful and attractive.

THE dining room immediately behind is a comparatively small room, but a thoroughly satisfying one in point of exposure, location and furnishing space. It is separated from the kitchen by a serving pantry that contains a simple but convenient arrangement of dresser, counter and sink, all amply lighted.

The kitchen is decidedly of the *workable* variety—for its floor-area is sufficiently large to render unnecessary the slightest crowding of the essential equipment. It possesses diagonal ventilation. The cellar-stairs descend from the kitchen and a little stoop adjoins at the rear.

The sleeping quarters are remarkably convenient, as they can be reached equally readily from the pantry, the dining room and the living room; and yet this accessibility has not robbed them of their privacy. The larger bedroom communicates with a screened sleeping-porch, placed at the back of the house; and a shower-equipped bathroom lies between the two bedrooms.

From the inner hall upon which the bedrooms and the bathroom open, stairs ascend to the attic, where there is considerable undeveloped area that is, nevertheless, useful for storage purposes.

Do You Dream of a Log-Cabin

nestling in the shade of a cool green wood—a cabin to which you may retreat for a real summer vacation? If you think of materializing your dream, you will enjoy our page of Log Cabins in the April issue.

Mr. Boyd has some rarely good suggestions for their construction—and, by the way, he has a most interesting word to say about the ideal log cabin interior—a fascinating subject in itself.

Playing Safe

"Why, we should love to come see you, but it's pretty hard to make a definite date right now—Arthur's so busy downtown. I tell you what I'll do, I'll call you up some time soon, and let you know. Oh, don't bother to write down the number—I'll remember it."

"I think he's the image of you—and yet there are certain expressions when I can see his father in him too."

"Oh, so that's your new dress. Well, aren't those buttons out-of-the-ordinary!"

"Now do come see us. Come any time."

"I read your things in the magazines. That's right—keep at it."

"Well, you don't exactly look thinner, but you are certainly looking wonderfully well."

"What I like about that hat of yours is that rain can't hurt it a bit."

"MY, { he / she } is a regular { boy / girl }

No danger of anyone's mistaking { him / her } for a { girl / boy }, is there?"

D. P. in Life.

How Long Will You Live?

Why Constipation May Shorten Your Life

OVER 750,000 people will die in the United States this year from preventable disease. Yet, experts in the extension of life hold that physical breakdown, disease, even old age and death, are all either preventable or postponable.

'But to prevent or postpone them you must avoid constipation and resulting toxemia. "To no other single cause," writes a distinguished physician, "is it possible to attribute one-tenth as many various and widely diverse disorders."

Take diabetes for example. An eminent specialist whose observation has covered thousands of cases, states: "Constipation is nearly always found present in persons suffering from this malady. It will always be found that constipation existed before the appearance of sugar. The writer has no doubt that chronic constipation is one of the most prolific causes of the rapid increase of diabetes in all civilized communities. The statistics gathered by the United States Census Bureau show a death rate nearly ten times as great as twenty years ago." A serious condition in itself. But truly alarming when you realize that over three-fourths of all disease can be traced directly or indirectly to constipation.

How May Constipation Be Overcome?

How may its recurrence be prevented? Not by the use of laxatives or cathartics, for, writes an eminent authority, "An inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury."

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Ottawa.

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BROWNATONE

The Unexpectedness of Mark

(*Continued from page 9*)

after a bit, "you can go and dance at his wedding. I shall be back at Gibraltar by that time, with my own little troubles to attend to."

The Shrimp scorned to answer, and we lay peacefully for a while, and thought—at least I did—of people farther afield than Jessie Whitford and Mark.

That evening people came in from round about and we danced. This usually happens on Saturday evenings, and the Shrimp, who plays the piano rather well, is kept quite busy. I knew Mark was not particularly fond of dancing, so I was not surprised that he disappeared soon after it began. But I found that a few other people were missing, too, most of the evening, and I drew my own conclusions. It was a fine evening, and I longed to potter about outside. But the Mater had her eye upon me, and I knew that, even if I were to fall asleep at my post, I was expected to see that things did not drag. Not that things ever do drag when a number of us are gathered together, but the Mater is a conscientious hostess. I danced a few times, smoked a bit, and then wandered over to the piano. The Shrimp had just played an encore to a fox-trot and was very warm after his labours.

"How about His Master's Voice instead of my fingers for a while?" he asked, mopping his shining brow.

"Right," I replied, "but you won't feel any cooler working your feet."

"Where's Angela?"

"Don't know. She hasn't been visible to the naked eye for the last hour. And I need her to stir up those Charlton girls. She asked them to come, so—"

"I'll go and look for her."

"If you run across Mark and Jessie Whitford at the same time—Well, you might make a noise like a Mills bomb and see what happens."

"You unpleasant old blighter! So that's what's happened, is it?"

I sighed and lit a cigarette. "Yes, I expect to catch it from the Mater. Half the crowd has taken to the garden—"

"And we are left lamenting," the Shrimp put in.

"Lord! Yes. I vote we nip up to bed."

"Lazy old dog! I'm going to ask one of the Charlton girls to dance."

So I finished my cigarette, and then danced with her sister. Later, the Shrimp and I retired for liquid refreshment, undisturbed, and by the time we returned to the scene of action everybody seemed to have turned up, and we had to get busy again. The party broke up at twelve—the Mater being a strict churchwoman—and I yawned and went to bed, leaving the Shrimp amusing some of our house guests with an imitation of Paderewski at the piano. He was making a vile noise, and I felt irritated.

IN the morning most of us straggled downstairs just as the Mater was nearly ready for church. Angela and Mark were at breakfast when I appeared; Jessie Whitford was not down; and I happened to know that the Shrimp was in the act of shaving.

"Behold the early bird," Mark hailed me. "Dressed for riding, too."

I advised Mark not to mix his metaphors, and marched to the sideboard to decide with what I would stay my consuming hunger. The Burkes and Mr. Wylie-Ferris were going to church with the Mater. Mrs. Wylie-Ferris was upstairs with a headache, and I knew that Dad, as usual, longed for a headache or anything else that could keep him away from church. The Mater looked at me with displeasure as I sat down at the table.

"You are not going to church?" she asked me, in the voice that used to strike terror to my young soul.

"Not today," I replied, cheerfully. "Mrs. Whitford and I are going for a ride."

Mark's face was devoid of expression but the Mater said sternly,

"I would prefer that you had decided to go to church. You and Angela are really—"

Angela got up and kissed her in the impulsive way she has, and I said,

"Angela, the Mater is being early-Victorian. Do you remember that she promised us she would refrain from that?"

The Mater smiled in spite of herself, and in a few minutes drove away. After Angela and Mark had left the table, the Shrimp joined me, with shining morning face and his usual cheerfulness.

"You're a devil of a nice one! Why didn't you say last night you were going to ride this morning? I'd have dressed for it."

"If you want to play gooseberry, you can come along," I retorted.

"What do you mean?"

"I've invited Jessie Whitford—sent her a note by her maid, this morning—to ride after breakfast."

"And she accepted your kind invitation?"

"Yes."

The Shrimp whistled. "Does Mark know?" he asked.

"Yes. But he didn't move an eyelash."

The Shrimp ate for a moment and then delivered himself of a prophecy. "I shouldn't wonder if Mark will astound us by doing something unexpected. We are trembling on the brink of discovery."

He refused to explain this mysterious saying, and asked what had inspired me to take Jessie out riding.

"If you had the sense of a snail you'd see why I am doing it," I informed him pleasantly.

"People who meddle in other people's affairs often get their fingers pinched," the Shrimp warned me.

"One would think," I told him, "that you were anxious to take her out riding yourself. I am reluctantly forced to that conclusion, Shrimp, old soul."

"Conclusion be damned!" the Shrimp exploded, and we changed the subject.

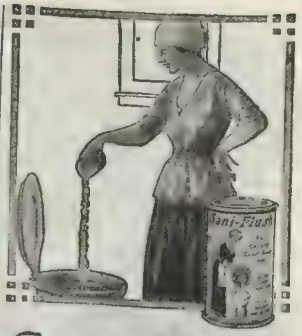
There was no sign of Mark when Jessie Whitford and I rode away. The Shrimp had retired to a hammock with "Sketch" and Angela came out of a side door with a big shady hat in her hand.

"Where are you going?" I asked her.

"Oh, for a walk. If I were going to ride I wouldn't wait till nearly noon to take poor Jessie out."

I accepted the reproof in silence, and Jessie politely protested that she didn't mind in the least. I felt a little annoyed with Angela, somehow. Jessie is fond of horses, and she looks very well in her habit. We chose shady lanes, and went along in a leisurely way. It was the first time I had ever been alone with Jessie, and I had a chance of observing her in a less formal way than usual. I found her attractive in ways I had not noticed before. She had always seemed to me to be stiff and uninteresting, and I had often wondered why Angela was fond of her. Several times during that morning I caught myself thinking of Mark, and wondering if he was gnashing his teeth in impotent rage because I had rushed in where the Shrimp, for instance, feared to tread. Neither of us mentioned Mark, but by the time we turned back I felt that I had played him rather a mean trick, and deprived him of a morning's pleasure. And poor old Mark deserved something for potting away at the Bolshies after the real war was over! Later, I had a change of heart, and asked myself if there was any reason in heaven or earth why I should *not* have Jessie Whitford or anybody else to myself for a whole morning—Mark or no Mark.

THE Shrimp seemed to be in a beastly temper when we returned. Mark was in fine chaffing form at dinner, but the old Shrimp growled like an approaching thunder-storm. I tried to catch his eye, without success, and could not reach his foot underneath the table to stamp on it tenderly. I made up my mind to knock his sulks out of him after dinner, and give him a chance to work



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them off in the way neither of us had outgrown. But we were scarcely all out of the dining-room when he almost pushed Angela out in the direction of the tennis court. I heard her protesting that she couldn't possibly play tennis immediately after dinner, and that it wouldn't be exactly good for him, either. So the Shrimp changed his mind at once, and walked her on across the lawns and they disappeared in the shrubbery. I was determined to speak to the Shrimp, so I whistled our signal—to which he paid not the slightest attention.

"I'm afraid he won't come back for a few minutes"—Jessie Whitford had come out ahead of the others and stood beside me. "I should say he has—well—something on his mind."

Light dawned upon me, then. It had never occurred to me that the Shrimp cared for Angela, beyond brother-and-sister and good pals and all that sort of thing. The whole thing was such a surprise to me that I departed for a little stroll to think things over. I am very fond of the foolish old Shrimp, but somehow I couldn't quite see him as Angela's husband—and my brother-in-law. Of course it was all Angela's business——I wondered whether I had been uncommonly stupid not to see how things stood, or if Jessie Whitford was extraordinarily clever. Sometimes women seem to have second sight in matters of that kind. Anyway, I hoped devoutly that if and when I intended to propose to anybody, I wouldn't spend an hour sulking beforehand. Certainly, being in love made the Shrimp behave suddenly in a most peculiar manner. With the Shrimp and Angela on one hand, and Mark and Jessie on the other, my life was truly becoming a burden!

I have no idea how long I strolled, but when I got back to our garden the only people in sight were Angela, swinging in the hammock, and Mark, who was sitting in a chair nearby. I decided it must have been thumbs down for the Shrimp, and wondered if he had gone off to drown himself in the bathing-pool. Angela beckoned to me lazily.

"You're a nice hospitable person," she told me, "rushing off right after dinner like that."

With a noble effort I refrained from mentioning glass houses; under the circumstances one couldn't very well retort in kind. "Where's everybody?" I inquired.

"Edgar Howat came and took Jessie motoring in his new Fiat."

Involuntarily I glanced at Mark, but his face was as Sphinx-like as ever. I sat down obediently, and at that moment the Shrimp hove in sight, armed, as usual, with tennis balls and some antiquated-looking racquets. He looked thoroughly merry, and as undisturbed as Angela. I decided that this was a callous world.

"Come along," shouted the Shrimp, "I have implements for everybody. Even you—you disgraceful old snail"—he pointed a finger of scorn at me, in spite of his load—"you and Mark against Angela and me. We'll show you how real tennis is played."

"Oh, I say, hold on," drawled Mark. "Not fair, you know. Two old crocks together on one side of the net."

The Shrimp was adamant, and threw his burden at Angela's feet.

"So you found some others?" she asked him.

"Thanks to my not minding where I rummaged—yes. I found this moth-eaten racquet in a dark hole buried under yards of dust."

"I was just going to remark," I put in, "that those things had certainly seen better days. Why——"

"I forgot to tell you," Angela interrupted, "that before dinner the Shrimp found our perfectly good racquets reposing at the bottom of the bathing pool. He fished them out, and took me to see the place after dinner, as he deeply suspected that young brother of ours and Barringham minor——"

AT this point I uttered a loud howl. I was overcome with insane laughter at this shattering of my supposition—and Jessie Whitford's. Had she really thought—

"Bear up," said the Shrimp, cheerily. "It wasn't your tennis racquet. Well, Angela and I unearthed those two little beasts. They said they'd been playing with them, and leaned them against a tree on the edge of the pool, and they must have slipped in. I knew they'd done it on purpose, the young blackguards, so I told them that people who tell lies come to a terrible end, and then I made the punishment fit the crime and ducked them both."

"You must admit it was a struggle to do it," Angela laughed.

"From experience," the Shrimp replied, "I should say that those two villains will make pretty good soldiers in the next war. Give them a blooming weapon, and there'd be no stopping them."

I sighed and struggled to my feet. After all, I recollected, Jessie Whitford had merely said that the Shrimp seemed to have something on his mind. I had been straining at a gnat, and I wondered if I would swallow a camel before this remarkable week-end was over.

We played tennis until tea, when I was exceedingly warm, the Shrimp was pink and still enthusiastic, and Mark looked as unruffled as if he had been sitting still all afternoon. Mark always had been the tidiest brute! After tea, when the clan was once more gathered together, some bright spirit thought of charades. Personally, I detest charades, but, being in the minority, I was not consulted. My young brother and Barringham minor appeared again, like the Cheshire Cat, and announced their intention of "charading" for us. The Shrimp groaned aloud, nor did I blame him—having witnessed on divers occasions the "charading" products of these two young brains!

"You can be first," Angela informed me. "You and the Shrimp can think up something rather good."

"No thanks," I said hastily, "you forget that I am always stage-manager and mistress of the wardrobe. The Shrimp will give you a solo."

The Shrimp, being a modest soul, demurred at first, until I led him to one side and said to him, quietly.

"For Heaven's sake, old thing, carry on! The sooner it's started, the sooner we shall have peace once more."

"Right." So I collected stage properties, and the Shrimp gave us an elaborate representation in his best style, which turned out to be "Bolsheviki." Nobody was able to guess it, and the Shrimp retired amid applause, looking deuced pleased with himself.

Jessie Whitford and Edgar Howat volunteered to be next. Theirs was so simple that a babe in arms would have guessed it. I felt a little disappointed in Jessie that she had not helped Howat to display a little originality.

"'Fiat'", shouted the Shrimp, before they had fairly finished, and then to me, in an undertone—"Rotten bad acting. Might as well write it up on a blackboard and then ask us to guess it!"

"You're altogether too clever for our society," I growled. "Brains like yours need wide spaces to expand in."

The Shrimp dug me in the ribs, and I turned, to find that my young brother and Barringham minor were preparing to do their worst. We were "charading" on the lawn near the trees, and the audience was sitting around in a semi-circle. There was an argument, in which Barringham minor seemed to come out top dog, and the result was that we were treated to an atrocious pantomime performance.

"Well?" Mark asked, when it was over, "What's the answer?"

"Guess!" commanded the two young ruffians in one breath. Everybody did guess wildly. Then,

"Tell us," I said. "And be quick about it, too."

Barringham minor struck an attitude and announced, with one eye on Mark.

"'Read, mark, learn'."

The Shrimp leaped to his feet and marched them off towards the house, exclaiming,

"That's not a charade! That's a most villainous pun, which is *not* allowed.

(*Concluded on page 42*)

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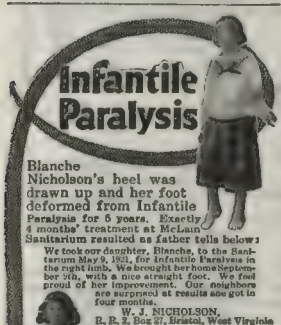

Infantile Paralysis

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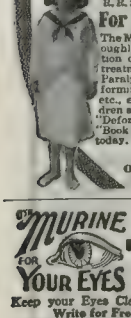

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The Unexpectedness of Mark

(Continued from page 41)

Out you go!"

THEY were consumed with laughter, but they did not offer to come back with the Shrimp. Mark was next called upon.

"Can't expect a fellow to turn into a blooming Forbes-Robertson all of a sudden, when he's been leading an uncivilized life for some little time."

"We don't want a Forbes-Robertson just now," said Angela.

"Forfeit!" the Shrimp cut in, and I swear he winked at me. "Ladies and gentlemen, this estimable person has refused to 'charade' for us, therefore he shall forfeit. He *shall* give us a charade, and it shall be the name of his best-beloved."

Mark sprang to his feet, and accepted the challenge, with a funny, quizzical little smile.

"By Gad!" he exclaimed. "Since you've asked for a puzzler, you shall have it!"

I glanced around: everybody looked more or less amused, but I fancied that Howat looked less amused than the rest. I could not see Jessie's face; and I could have kicked the Shrimp for the self-satisfied half-grin he was wearing. Everybody, including myself, paid close attention to Mark's charade. I could make nothing of it; there was nothing, so far as I could see, remotely suggesting "Jessie" in it. But, as he finished and made a slow bow to the audience, Angela exclaimed, "Oh!" and stopped short, blushing furiously.

"You haven't guessed it, have you?" Mark asked her anxiously.

"Y-yes. At least—I don't know," Angela stammered.

"Tell us," the Shrimp demanded.

"Be quiet," I said in his ear. "You've done enough damage without putting your foot in it further."

The Shrimp looked at me blandly, in innocent surprise, but said nothing. The incident closed the charades, and we scattered to amuse ourselves in more sensible ways, though I had the impression, somehow, that Angela's discovery had upset Mark rather a bit. During the evening—Angela had gone up to bed early with a headache—I came upon Mark just before dark, sitting solemnly by himself beside the stream just above the bathing pool. He was smoking an ancient and well-beloved pipe, and he was lost in thought. I sat down beside him in silence, for I could see he did not want to talk. I suspected he had a bit of the blues. I occasionally have them myself, since the lovely war. By and by, when it was quite dark, he knocked out his pipe and said,

"Come up to town with me to-morrow?"

"No," I replied, "you're going to stay here till next week. Then the Shrimp and I will go up with you—just like the good old days."

"I should like to stay," Mark said.

"Then why on earth don't you?" I asked.

"Perhaps I will."

"I heard Angela asking Jessie to stay on for another week," I volunteered. "So we'll be all togeth—"

"Howat's new Fiat needs lots of exercise, of course," Mark interrupted.

I gathered nothing from the voice, but I deemed it wise to change the subject.

THE next morning, the Wylie-Ferris's and Major and Mrs. Burke departed on the train which leaves soon after breakfast. It was a splendid day for fishing, and I tried to stir up some enthusiasm in the household for someone to go with me. Mark and the Shrimp scorned the idea, however, and as a woman is apt to frighten the fish away I didn't invite Jessie or Angela. It took me a little time to gather together everything I needed, and as I was starting out the Shrimp hailed me from the tennis court. He was leaning disconsolately against one post of the net.

"Seen Angela?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"Only that half an hour ago she promised to meet me here in five minutes for a game," the Shrimp replied resignedly.

"Oh, she'll turn up," I called, and departed blithely.

I had intended to travel far up-stream to Codger's Pool, where there is almost always excellent fishing, in the old punt which is my particular property. My displeasure rose to the surface, in language which was meant for no ears but my own, when I discovered that someone had been before me and my punt was nowhere in sight. In the first place, everybody within a radius of ten miles knew that punt was mine, and in the second place—well, it seemed the last straw after an unsettling week-end. Dash it all! Couldn't a fellow do what he liked for *one* morning, at any rate?

After a few moments' cogitation, I lit my pipe, and, deriving some comfort from it, I set off to follow the stream on foot. It was very quiet and cool, and the sunlight filtered down through the big over-arching trees. Eventually I reached the Pool, seated myself comfortably on the bank, and threw out my line. Time passed, and nothing happened. I had many nibbles, but they came to nothing, and I decided that the Pool must be out-living its reputation. I was seriously entertaining thoughts of pulling in my line and going somewhere else, when, all at once, round the bend into the Pool, swept my punt, slowly and in a stately manner, as if it were a gondola instead of a pre-war antiquity.

And in it sat Angela and Mark. They were deeply absorbed in each other, as I observed at a glance.

"Well, I'll be—" I exploded. "You two are quite the coolest I have met in several ages! May I ask whose punt you have commandeered?"

Mark steered for my bank, while Angela faced me, and said, with an entirely new expression in her eyes,

"Don't be angry with us, old thing. You see, Mark had to explain to me how he knew that my middle name is Miranda—and why he made a charade of it yesterday. And—I've just promised to be—er—nice and sisterly to him, haven't I, M—"

"The deuce you have!" Mark interrupted, vehemently, and kissed her.....

So Mark had at last done the unexpected—and I had swallowed the camel.

After rounding a corner they found he was no longer visible, but soon came to a restaurant with the inscription—"Ici on parle français." "He'll be in here," said the first. "No," said the second, if he thought he was being followed he would avoid going where he thought we should expect. "Yes," said the third. "but he would guess we should be smart enough to think of that, and would turn in after all."

So they went in and searched, but without success, for the Frenchman could not read, and therefore had not stopped.

—London Morning Post

His Passing Fancy

There was a man who fancied that,
By driving good and fast,
He'd get his car across the tracks
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He'd miss the engine by an inch,
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There was a man who fancied that.....
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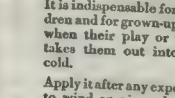

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Give Your Stomach Help With A Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet And Noon Day Meals Won't Bother

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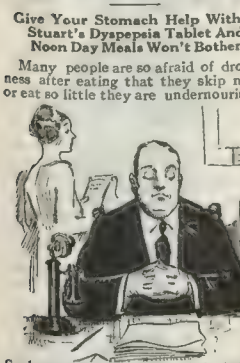

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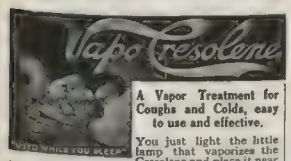

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HOME INSTITUTE OF TRADES, Dept. 3543
446-448 Houseman Bldg. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bab and Babette

(Continued from page 5)

the best part of an hour staring at some cards on her desk, which were the cards showing the placing of the quintette of orphans. This followed a telephone conversation which left her very flustered—two conversations, indeed. One with an angry woman who declared she had been expecting a much older girl, the other—a call made by Miss Jarnley herself—which resulted in a cold refusal of her request, and the statement that the "orphan had been received, and seemed quite satisfactory," and that no change could be considered.

"Why?" Miss Jarnley asked herself, staring helplessly at the cards, "Why in the world did I make such a stupid mistake? Why, anyhow, were there two Babettes—that's the cause of all the trouble! If it wasn't for what Miss Parks will think, I'd almost find it funny. The refined Babette goes to the lower district, and Miss Bab—from Slumdom—takes the road to the hill. Perhaps that was the way she gave it to me—I'll let her think so anyhow. It can't be changed now!"

The error worried her nevertheless, which accounted for the rebuff of Barry, who, wandering off, bethought himself of something. The matter in hand was a letter that had come with Babette three years ago—some message or other, the relative who brought her in said, from the dead father. Barry took the letter from the pigeon-hole—where it had lain these three years, and read, in a clear, firm handwriting: "To be opened by my daughter, Babette Willisdon, on her twenty-fifth birthday, or, should she become engaged prior to that, at the time of her engagement."

"Attend to it yourself," Miss Jarnley had said.

"I believe I will," said Barry, smiling to himself.

"I guess I can look after it safer than these queer folk round here."

TWO days later came news for which he had been eagerly waiting. He was to be allowed to enter on his business career at once. Mrs Campbell for once capitulated to her easy-going husband; she had cherished visions of a professional career for the boy. Barry was sent to a branch concern a hundred miles away, there to set foot upon the first rung of the business ladder.

Any mail coming for him in care of the Institute was, of course, promptly and carefully forwarded. A letter from Bab, describing in glowing and piquant terms her new life and its delights, and written on delicately-colored and scented notepaper, reached him in due course; others followed with regularity. Babette did not write him.

For the time being this omission cost him little thought; for the matter of that neither did Bab's regular correspondence. He was too busy carving out his commercial future. At seventeen one is very susceptible, and impressions made are often indelible, but in the matter of love affairs, propinquity is a rather important item.

Once or twice he did tell himself he must drop a line to little Babette. When he hunted for her address it was gone, and Bab somehow did not happen to mention her in any of her letters.

A letter in season is a thing beyond price.

IV

REMEMBRANCE of those days was ever afterwards a vague nightmare to Babette, with just a few vivid flashes intermingling to give reality to what, unfortunately, was no dream.

A refined nature may in time come to accept with a minimum of repulsion, disordered living, dirty rooms, foul and fetid air, coarse meals, cold in the winter and the breath of Hades in summer; but a sensitive soul does not so easily accustom itself to cruel neglect. Babette's nature was to love, but love must feed on love, and her poor little soul was starved.

"What a scrawny little brat; I've a mind to send you packing back!" That was the first hurt. Babette could have wished, though, that she might be sent, but her feet and hands were willing ones

(Continued on page 44)

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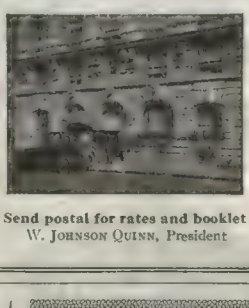

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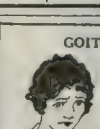

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Don't suffer another day until you send for this wonderful treatment. Guaranteed to be satisfactory or money returned.

R. W. Kellogg, 229 Albertus Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Bab and Babette

(Continued from page 43)

and when in a month the Superintendent visited the home of her adoption, the matter was officially consummated. Miss Parks was well received, shown only the best side of things, and went away with a strong sense of pleasure at this placing of another orphan turning out better than she had dared hope for in such a district. When she said to the child, attired for the occasion in a dress of the daughter of the house: "I'm glad you're so happy here!"—Babette was speechless with amazement, and equally dumb with terror at the look in her adopted parents' eyes.

An intense longing came to see Bab, to bury her face in Bab's shoulder and sob out her troubles. She did manage to speak of this general desire—making no mention of the troubles—to Miss Parks, in the presence of the others. It was worth the risk, and, best of all, it worked.

"Bab is very happy," declared Miss Parks, after the manner of spiritualistic mediums. "I'll send Jim down and let him take you up to see her. Next Saturday afternoon, if convenient? Ah, yes, quite so. Thank you, Mrs. Ferguson."

Babette spent Friday night sleeplessly, in blissful anticipation of the reunion. They allowed her to wear a second-best dress of the daughter of the house. It did not fit very well. "Miss Bab"—a gorgeous vision, simply but expensively rigged out—received her with open arms. She showed Babette the house, her clothes, her presents; raved over plans for going away to a boarding-school of the select. Babette—wide-eyed and open-mouthed—saw and heard, but spoke little. She was hardly given opportunity, and, for the moment, forgetfulness was upon her.

"You haven't shown me the garden," said Babette. Her whole being yearned for greenery and flowers. Her own little plant had perished at the hand of her adopted mother in a fit of anger over the time spent in tending it.

"There are some friends of mine waiting out there," said Bab, uneasily. "Oh, no hurry, Babette dear, they can wait!"

"Would they mind, Bab, if I just looked around a little, just a tiny peek, it looked so nice from the front?"

"Why, no," said Bab, "but—" Her eyes were travelling over the figure of Babette in its unsuitable trappings. Somehow, because the beauty of her face seemed eclipsed, she looked the product of her district.

It took Babette just a moment to understand.

"All right, Bab, I'll not go."

"Yes, you will, Babette, dear." Sudden contrition came to Miss Bab.

"No," said Babette decisively. "I don't care to see it now!"

They stood facing each other for a moment, seeming to sense the gulf that had opened between them.

"I guess Jim will be waiting," said Babette, "I'll just go—home—now."

When, on the way back, Jim insisted on treating her to ice cream, and stocking her up with chocolates, Babette managed to accept gracefully so that his feelings might not be hurt.

But that night she cried herself to sleep.

V

AT sixteen, Babette was sent into a factory. All day she stood in a crowded, hot loft, doing mechanically some operation which made her a cog in the wheel that turned out upon a waiting public a "cure-all"—of which the wrapper, carton, and label were not the least attractive parts. It seemed to Babette at first, however, that to look any more upon the highly-colored representation of a woman, who, by the use of the compound, had retained all the essentials of youth into middle life, would nauseate her. Even in such fitful dreams as came to trouble her exhausted sleep after the hours at the factory and the burden of work awaiting her at home, the perpetual smile and flash of white teeth of this obnoxiously cheerful and healthful woman haunted her. By-and-by Babette's hands became nimble enough to do without her eyes, and perhaps because this gave her opportunity to look around, Babette began to take an interest in her workmates, and through them in—liberty.

Gradually Babette won a new place in the home. Because she was now earning well, she was a valuable enough asset to be handled more carefully.

Later on she took a better opening in a varnish factory. She was seventeen then; had learned the art of dressing well on little; and had attained a ravishing beauty that brought rivals to hate her even while they loved her spirit, and young men to press their attentions upon her.

IT was here she met Gilbert Crewe. He was an elegant person, foppish, manicured, old enough to be Babette's father. He held the position of factory manager, and during the hours he gave to his employers, immured himself in a private office at the far end of the first floor of the workshop. Twice a day he made a casual round of the factory and had eyes, it was said, more for the girls than for the machines and output. In Babette he found the equivalent of an orchid in a field of daisies.

"Who is she?" he asked his Employment Superintendent.

"Babette Ferguson, sir. Just taken on yesterday."

Crewe went back to his desk, and sat long in thought.

"Babette!" he murmured. "Babette! She isn't like her—and yet now I know that's her name it seems to me there's a likeness somewhere. Ridiculous, of course, but I suppose it's just the name makes me fancy it."

He instituted inquiries, however, his curiosity persisting.

"S far as I can find out, sir," reported the foreman, "an' of course I didn't like to ask her plump an' plain, so went as it were behind her back, she's an orphan adopted by these Ferguson people from a foundling home or something."

In the end, Crewe, triumphant, hung up the 'phone after a conversation with the Institute that had sheltered Babette. A young lad, occupying the place that once Barry Campbell had held, consulted a card index and supplied information.

"There was a Babette Stockley here who went to the Fergusons five years ago. I expect that's the one you mean, sir. You're welcome, sir."

The card issued five years before by Miss Parks, and incorrectly executed by Miss Jarnley, still bore its erring information with all the apparent authenticity of an historical archive. The alteration had been made on other records but not on this.

Gilbert Crewe was satisfied.

"I knew she put the child in an asylum after she got past looking after her," he mused. "Poor Babette, what an independent, stand-offish, hardworking little soul she was. Better she should have accepted my terms, than kill herself trying to keep herself and the child going. She wasn't built for a fight like that."

After that Crewe assiduously cultivated the society of Babette Ferguson.

AT first Babette was charmed. Young, inexperienced in life, and a lovable little soul for all her crushing experiences, her starved nature responded to this new and unusual friendship. Mrs. Ferguson gave no motherly counsel when the affair came to her ears, unless it was to smile upon the situation. Crewe looked like money, and money is very, very useful.

It was characteristic of Babette that she had retained through all the same childlike, innocent nature. Environment is a great and sometimes a terrible thing, but unto the pure all things are pure, and for the crudities of life against which she necessarily brushed, Babette had pity and sympathetic horror rather than repulsion or fear.

Her own workmates first put her on

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her guard. They were talking about her; whispering in a group one day when she entered the dressing room, overheard, flushed crimson as the meaning dawned upon her, and fled from them as though the devil pursued. In the same way her sensitive spirit fled now before the advances of Gilbert Crewe, though her body could not escape entirely without her leaving the factory.

Crewe, sensing this new attitude, sent for her to his office. Decision came to her then.

In reply to all he had to say, she had only two words; they seemed to force themselves through white, pinched lips.

"I'm leaving!" she told him.

"No, you're not!" he laughed. "I'm starting you in that new position tomorrow. Then you'll learn office work, and you can pick up stenography at night-school, and first thing you know I'll have a private secretary."

She shook her head, repeating half-mechanically:

"I'm leaving!"

He stood up and approached her, with the smile on his lips that had stood him in good stead with many of the sex.

"Babette," he said, "do you know why I want to do all this for you?"

It seemed that power to shake his arm from hers had gone, He went on: "Because I love you, little Babette!"

In that moment Babette felt in her soul an unutterable loathing, a thing she had never before felt, of which she was almost afraid. It was as though some inward guardian of her innocence apprized her of the specious nature of his affection. Her glance travelled to the closed door of his office, and her steps would have followed but, laughingly, he stepped between.

"My little Babette!" he said.

"Let me—pass!" Her breath came stiflingly. Never in the most terrible moments in her hot attic bedroom at the home of her adoption had she felt this way.

Something flared in his eyes, he caught her in his embrace. His face knew the sudden power that was given her arm.

"Little tiger cat!" He stroked his reddened cheek, half-jokingly, half-angrily.

Words came then, such words as she had not dreamed were in her power. They lashed him like a whip. A cruel twitch came to his mouth.

"Your mother was stubborn," he said, watching her narrowly, "but she wouldn't have treated me like that."

"My—mother?" The words escaped her somehow; her dark eyes were wide with wonder.

"Your mother!" he repeated. "She was Babette, too. I guess you don't remember much about her, but I know Babette Stockley well. You've got her own pride—and—with as much right. You—you a nameless daughter of a mother who had pride where she'd better have had shame!" The twist of his lips persisted; he seemed to be enjoying her wide-eyed bewilderment. "Why don't you go?" he asked. "I'm not stopping you. You didn't think I was serious about what I said—to a girl like you."

HE seemed to be enjoying that look in her eyes; how should he know Babette was thinking, with a sudden upwelling of the old sisterly compassion, of the sister of her adoption, of Bab—Bab who had passed out of her life and was busy with being "finished" in the fine art of becoming a young lady of grace and fashion.

Did Gilbert Crewe maliciously spread the story, or was it overheard, his voice rising beyond the limits of descretion? Bab did not know. She did know that it got around—that there were whisperings among the girls. A quick temptation came to give the lie to this thing by telling the whole truth—but that involved Bab, or might in the end involve her. She contented herself with holding her head higher, and being her own gentle, comradely, kindly self to her detractors. They misunderstood this, most of them.

"She's trying to keep in with us, now she knows we know." That was one remark she overheard.

Again the temptation came, but with it the memory of her own words: "I'll always be a sister to you, Bab, forever and ever, whatever happens." Some curious trait of loyalty bridged the years, and sealed her lips and her sacrifice.

(Continued in April issue)

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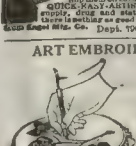

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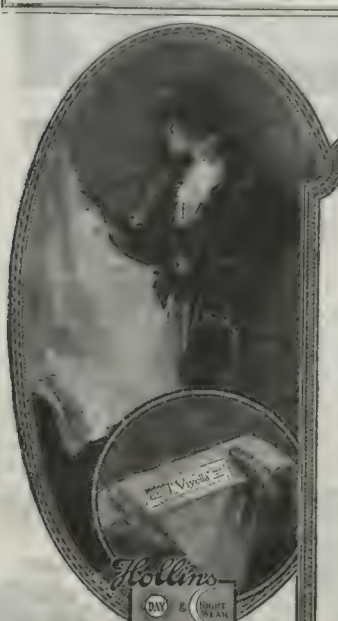

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Are Your Lights Lovely?

(*Continued from page 37*)

Inverted Shade at Upper Left.

Materials: American Beauty, China silk, Paisley silk in mulberry and blue, gold trimming in two widths, ⅛ yard mulberry chenille and mulberry silk cord.

THIS is one of the more difficult shades to make as, on account of its odd shape, the tight lining must be put on in sections. There are eight scallops to the upper rim and a section of lining is made to cover each pair of these, so that our first tight cover goes on in four sections for this part of the shade, and in a single piece for the lower section.

It turned out to be easier in this particular case to pin a straight edge of the lining silk to one of the down wires, stretching it over two of the scallops and pinning firmly to what will thus be the *second* down wire.

Now pin the silk at the point of each scallop and stretch it to the wire which runs all round the frame about half way to the centre—that which the picture shows to be covered by the wide band of trimming. Pull taut and pin all the way round these four edges making the silk perfectly tight and smooth, sew on the outside as usual; trim along the edges, leaving about half an inch to be turned back for finishing later.

Line the four scallopped sections in the same way, then repeat exactly in each case with the second layer of material. When the Paisley silk is sewn in place, trim its edges close along the scallops, then fold back the half inch of rose silk, which you left and baste it down a second time on the covered wire. At the lower wire trim both edges close.

For the bottom section of the frame, stretch the silk right over it as explained in the general instructions, pin to the middle wire and when all is smooth and firm, stitch in place, leaving again a half inch edge of the silk extending up toward the scallops.

We have now to adjust the shirred section, which is made of the Paisley silk. Cut pieces of silk on the straight, in whatever lengths your material will allow. It is unnecessary to join these, as the shirring hides the places where the various lengths meet. You will require in all one and one-half times the circumference of the middle wire—that which we designated as being under the wide trimming. Ease the silk on, sew it in place, trim close, then turn back the rose edge which has been left, baste it down and trim, when the gold galloon is sewn over this, all work will be hidden.

It only remains now to pleat the silk into the centre, drawing it tight, sew firmly and make a little round medallion of your wide gold trimming to cover the work here. Trim the scallopped edges and the four down wires to which the two layers of silk have been sewn, with narrow gold braid, then put your band of wide braid around the middle. The tassel, which is the handsomest possible for the purpose, is made of one eighth yard of five inch chenille fringe, rolled up tight and mounted with a little bit of the wide gold trimming. Four gold cords of exactly even length, serve to hang the shade.

Large Fringed Shade.

THE shade which we have illustrated was made for a tall floor lamp; in a smaller size it would be suitable for any sort of lamp. Three layers of material were used, the first of American beauty china silk, the second another china silk of rich, bright gold color; the top layer is georgette crepe of the same gold shade; chenille fringe of proportionate depth in the same golden yellow (many people describe this shade as "pumpkin") and gilt braid to cover the four wires indicated, complete the list of materials.

All wires are bound with the rose silk, as usual. The lining we adjust in two sections that from the "collar" to the upper outside wire and a separate straight piece to form the straight drop section to which the fringe is attached. We shall cover the upper section first and for convenient reference we shall designate the upper of the two large wires, which form the drop section to which the fringe is attached, as the outer wire, which it is for this section. Stretch the lining silk across from one edge of this wire to the opposite edge, pin firmly all round and sew in place; make two slits in the middle, just big enough to allow you to ease the silk down over the neck or "collar" as we call it, which is shown in the illustration; keeping the silk stretched very very tight, sew it to the lower wire of this "collar". Repeat this exactly with the layer of yellow silk; trim all the edges of both these materials close to the wire.

Cut strips of rose and yellow silk the right width for the "cuff", as we call the straight drop section, of the shade; remember that all joins must come exactly on the wires. Stretch the rose colour first, then the golden silk along one wire; sew it, pin along the opposite wire and sew firmly in place. Repeat with the gold coloured silk.

We now go back to the slanting section of our shade to put on the georgette layer. Having cut enough material to go one and one-half times around the outside circumference, mark off the shade in sections to and in exact adjustment and ease the material on the wide wire. When this is done, draw it up and pleat it into the base of the "collar" having in this instance enough material to run up and cover the little "collar" later. This is usually not more than one inch deep. Trim the georgette close at the wide wire.

It now remains to ease on the straight lengths of georgette on the cuff, allowing enough material for graceful fullness; sew along one wire, pleat very straight and fasten to opposite wire, sew in place, trim the georgette layer and the gold silk close to the wire, turn back the edge of the rose silk, which has not been trimmed close, baste it down to cover the rough edges of the other two layers, trim close to the basting thread; the gold braid will eventually cover all sewing at both edges of the cover.

The little "collar" at the top is really a rather tricky bit to do. The georgette has been sewn to the lower wire, draw it up now and sew it to the top wire.

Cut a narrow strip of the rose silk and line the collar neatly (note that the middle layer, the yellow silk, is open) up the collar as it makes it too thick.

A handsome chenille fringe is sewn along the lower wire; trim the shade with gold galloon as indicated in the illustration.

The Lady-Doll Lamp.

THERE is a particular vogue at present for these dainty little electric lamps for the dressing table or other informal use. The head-and-body doll comes already mounted on a wire lampshade frame; an electric socket and white silk cord make it ready for immediate attachment to any ordinary electric outlet. These cost from $4.50 to $5.25 complete. If you are unable to buy one locally, we would be glad to buy it or any other lampshade frame for you without any extra cost other than the carriage charges.

Any style of dressing may be adopted. That shown here calls for a drop skirt of thin silk, with an over-skirt of crêpe de chene edged with silver lace. Pink was used for these two skirts in the lamp illustrated, a third of a yard sufficing for each one.

Half a yard of pale blue and silver shot taffeta made the panniers and bodice; Midway between the two selvage edges, the silk was closely pleated and sewed at the waist line at the back. Each selvage edge was caught up and pleated to overlap in the front, as shown; the corner thus turned back from the upper of these two drapes, was cut off, and sufficed to make the bodice. A shirring thread was run from the corner to the bias edge, and fastened to the waist line

(*Concluded on page 51*)

Wherein Are Parents to Blame?

(Continued from page 8)

If you have once convinced the babe in its crib that your will is law, you have gone far in your task. A veteran horse-trainer explaining his success, said that the first morning of a colt's life, he was taken by his trembling little legs and thrown gently but completely on a pile of straw. This process was repeated every morning for ten days or so, but to that horse's last day he never forgot the sensation, and firmly believed that his trainer was able to do the same thing again.

Do you complain that your fourteen-year-old laddie or lassie pays no attention to your commands, won't stop playing the piano or humming his distracting tune when you ask, won't leave the newspaper neatly folded after you have reminded him often enough to get it on his nerves, slams the door in spite of repeated chidings? You have no one to blame but yourself, and I decline to pity you one little bit.

THEN again it must be *Informed Restraint.*

Do you know where your lad stands in his class, Mother? Did you look over his last report card, or do you not even know what grade he is in? What is the teacher's name?

Does your boy realize that you are keeping tab on him, Father? Does he expect your praises when he brings home a good report? Have you ever offered him a prize if he improves his standing next month?

A suburban pastor told me that the people of his community too often were prone to "pass the buck" in matters of responsibility for children. They secure a wide-awake young pastor, a company of bright school-teachers, a branch Y.M.C.A. and then imagine their duty to their children is performed. They comfort themselves also on the capability of some organization or other to take their boy in hand and make a man of him. At best, such projects are poor substitutes for home discipline and encouragement.

Need I urge that the regulations of home must be jointly administered by the father and mother? It must be a *United Restraint.* There must be no "passing the buck" here either. In the home there must be a William and Mary sort of reign in which King and Queen [illegible] the throne. Out of a hundred cases of juvenile delinquency from middle-class homes, it was found that eighty-three of them occurred in houses divided against themselves, so to speak. Either the parents were entirely separated or indulged in chronic quarrels. In a large percentage of the cases, very frequently the father, and occasionally the mother had been morally delinquent. This develops what Judge Mott, of Toronto's Juvenile Court, so aptly calls divided loyalty. Marital difficulties divorce publicity, jests and marriage, and a portrayal of domestic infelicity on the film, have done much to promote that cynicism among adolescents which is always fatal to morality.

Let me revert to my opening remarks concerning the loss of creed. So many people are afraid of that word because they do not realize that we all have a creed about everything that touches our lives. But there must be present in every home, the restraint of Earnest Conviction. Somebody said, "A Man's religion is not the creed he professes, nor the ceremonies which he performs; it is the few simple convictions by which he lives." And yet these few simple convictions are his creed, his real creed

Moreover, I would have the father and mother, whatever their ecclesiastical leanings, agree regarding these items of earnest convictions. This will be easy since the conviction are inevitable. I would have them tell their children that "every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things, is God." How can any sensible man, except some hair-splitting professor, escape the logic of that?

Next, I would show the children that God loves righteousness and hates wickedness, and demonstrates His love and hate every day by rewarding the righteous with kindly faces, and punishing the wicked with a scowl; that the very nature of God is shown in the terrible truth that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. I would hold up Jesus to my children, and show them the beauty, the gentleness, the purity, the fairness of His life.

THERE is one more quality I would urge, that of *Sympathetic* Restraint. When sympathy with youth dies, there can be no vital connecting link between older and younger people. Let your heart never grow so old that you cannot see life from the standpoint of a twenty-year-old. Many young people go further astray than they otherwise would because their parents have made no distinction between the Ten Commandments on the one hand, and puritanical rules against certain amusements on the other. So, as soon as the young folks began to practice self-determination in these amusements, having been taught to regard dancing, cards, and theatres for instance, as gravely as they would breaches of the Ten Commandments themselves, they did not deem a violation of the Decalogue seriously.

Never refuse without a reason, if you would retain the loyalty of your child. But if you show why a restraint is imposed, if you plead for fidelity to a pure ancestry, if you draw a sharp line between what is really harmful, and what may be permitted within certain limits, if you enter fully and heartily into your children's amusements and discussions, if you demonstrate that you have their happiness, their real, lasting happiness, at heart, if they find that the rules which you would impose upon them have made you, your self, beautiful and noble in character, rest assured that you are going to be a permanent success as a parent.

History's Slow Advance

At the breakfast table Mary called her mother's attention to a hole in one of the napkins.

"Yes," acknowledged her mother, "we *do* need new table linen. I have bought none since before the war."

Instantly the face of Oddessa, the colored maid from Alabama, became a study in astonishment. She eyed her mistress a moment thus. Then comprehension dawned and her face relaxed.

"Oh!" she said, "you mean d' *last* wah!"

—*Harper's.*

What She Dreaded

Vicar: "All sinners, Mary, will be washed whiter than snow."

Old Beggar Woman: Not them as truly repents, I 'opes, sir.

—*Boston Transcript*

The Real Count

Sunday School Teacher. "Jimmy, do you count ten before you hit another boy?"

Jimmy. Naw! "De referee counts ten *after* I hits him!"

—*Life.*

Opportunity Knocks

"You say the movies made a millionaire of Prouty? I thought he sold dishwashers."

"That's just it. They buy his machine so they can wash the dinner dishes and get to the movies sooner."—*Judge.*

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George Gratton, Mfg. Agent, New Glasgow, Que.

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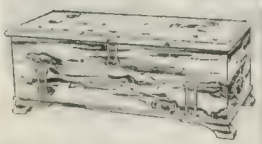

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Wayne Junction Philadelphia, Pa.

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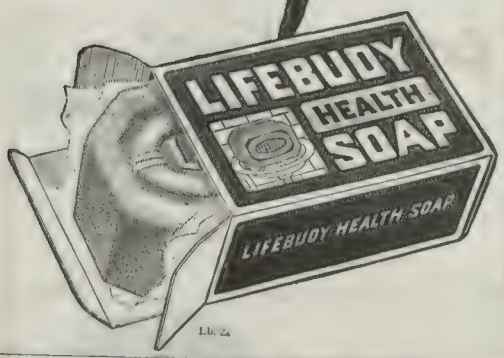

Lb. 24

The Flowers That Bloom This Spring

(Continued from page 19)

IF two-tone effects are desired, weave up to within three or four rows of the edge of circle, then tie on desired color, and finish with this. Very fetching and beautiful effects can be procured in this way.

The leaves, as at Fig. "F" are made as follows:—With wool crochet needle, chain 15, turn, single crochet into first 3 chain, double crochet into next 9 chain (lengthening the crochet to shape the leaf), single crochet into next 3 chain, turn, s.c. into the first 3 stitches on other side of chain, 9 d.c. into next 9 stitches, and 3 s.c. into next 3 chain. Fasten thread. Take fine piece of wire. Bend in middle. Starting at top of leaf, weave one end of wire down each side, twisting together at bottom for stem. With green wool, wind over the wire for the stem.

A few of these glorious and two or three leaves make a most attractive bouquet. Bind them together with wire, which may be covered with ribbon ending in a bow. These are not as perishable as the organdy or silk flowers, and may be used to decorate the new burlap bags, sofa pillows, sweaters, etc.

The silk flowers may be made in the same way by doubling the silk and folding into shape.

If one desires a corsage, this may be accomplished by frilling a very fine piece of white Swiss embroidery flouncing, about 3 inches wide, around the wired bouquet, and tying with daintily colored ribbons, leaving the ends long. This is used only with the organdy flowers, and worn with spring and summer costumes. If a silk corsage is desired, a piece of gold or silver lace makes a beautiful shield, tied with two-toned satin or velvet ribbon. To these corsages may be added, small green grasses, which may be got at the departmental stores, and which add a fragile and delightful touch to them.

As one works on these dainties, many suggestions assert themselves and one's individual taste, added to these directions, will produce the most satisfactory results.

Fish at Its Best

(Continued from page 20)

soup. Now put your inner pan in the outer pan which has been filled with boiling water; let the water continue to boil while you add to your tomato liquor a half pound can of lobster broken into small pieces, 2 tablespoons of pimento cut into small pieces and from one to two cupfuls of cooked rice, season with salt and paprika and serve very hot. This can be made ahead of time and reheated in the double pan without the slightest trouble. The rice, of course, should be cooked by throwing it into swiftly boiling, salted water and allowing it to boil quickly until tender (ten or fifteen minutes). When quite tender remove from the fire, put into a large strainer and run cold water over it; stand away to drain until needed.

Judge Blank is fond of relating how he put one over on the barber who wished to make a sale. The man had just shaved him and wanted to sell him a lotion to use on his face when he shaved himself.

"Is this what you use on your customers?" asked the judge.

"No," replied the barber, "it's so expensive I cannot afford it."

"If you can't afford it when you get twenty cents for shaving a man," returned the judge, "how do you expect me to afford it when I shave myself for nothing?"

The barber was nonplussed and gave up trying to make the sale.—*Boston Transcript.*

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BIG DOLLS HOUSE

All Free!

GIRLS—You can get everyone of these lovely prizes without spending a cent. You get them all—Beautiful big Doll-House with windows and doors that open and shut, two lovely dolls with five extra dresses for each, beautiful doll's tea set of 23 pieces, a set of six fine lead pencils with a dandy pencil sharpener and the real leather wrist purse with its cute watch dial dome fastener. It's the latest fad and looks as cute as can be when worn on the wrist. Send your name and address today and get post paid just 36 packages of "Dewlet Bouquet", the wonderful new Perfume, to sell at only 10c. each. No trouble to sell. Everyone buys this delightful perfume because one 10c. package will diffuse more scent than a dollar a worth of ordinary perfume. It sells like hot cakes. Return our $1.50 when you've sold them and we'll send you all charges paid, all six prizes you see above—every one—44 pieces. You take no risk. We trust you. Write today. Address—

REGAL MFG. CO. Dept. H. 4 Toronto, Ont.

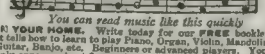
Japanese Rose Bushes Five for 10c

The Wonder of the World Rose bushes with roses on them in 6 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we Guarantee to do it. They will BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS Winter, Summer and when 3 years old will have 5 or a hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the Winter as well as in the ground in summer. Roses All The Year Around. Price of Seed with our guarantee only 10c. To introduce our 1922 Catalog we will GIVE with the 10c. a package of flower Seeds. Our selection.

Japan Seed Co., Box 624, South Norwalk, Conn.

Make money at home—$15 to $60 paid weekly for your spare time writing showcards for us. No canvassing. We instruct and supply you with work. West-Angus Showcard Service, 579 Colborne Bldg., Toronto.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE



You can read music like this quickly

IN YOUR HOME. Write today for our FREE booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. Your only expense about 2c per day for music and postage used.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of MUSIC, 4 Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

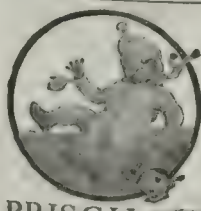
Why do you catch cold?

THE germs of "air-borne" diseases penetrate almost everywhere. Just one room may contain them in millions. Whether or no you catch cold depends largely on whether the defensive forces of the body are strong enough to defeat the germs which attack you.

The golden law is: "Be well nourished"—strengthen your defensive forces with Bovril. In addition to its own direct nutritive value, Bovril possesses remarkable powers of enabling you to extract more nourishment from other foods.

You are sure of being nourished if you take

BOVRIL



PRISCILLA Knit Goods *for* Kiddies

Catering styles to go with rosy cheeks and chubby bodies; softest of pure wool to resist hard wear and washing—your kiddie will bring an added glow of pride, clad in Priscilla woollens. See them at your dealer's or write us for illustrated folder.

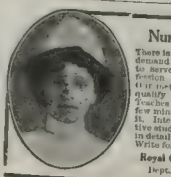
Henry Davis & Co., Ltd. - Toronto, Can.

FLOWERS THAT NEVER DIE

The Japanese Everlasting Straw Flower NEVER FADES. Will keep indefinitely after being cut. It is an ornament when growing and unequalled for use in bouquets of everlasting. For vases in winter it cannot be beat. To introduce our catalog of rare plants and seeds, we will send a package of the seeds, mixed colors, for 10c

Will Grow Anywhere. With the seeds we will also GIVE another pkge. of Flower Seeds. (Your own Selection).

Japan Seed House, Box 531 South Norwalk, Conn.

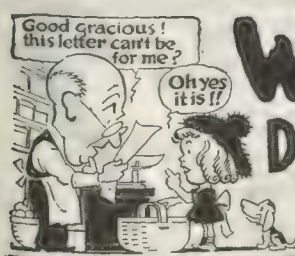


Nurses Needed

There is an ever increasing demand for bright women to serve the nursing profession.

Our method enables you to qualify in a short time. Teaches you at home. A few minutes a day will do it. Interesting and instructive study. All information in detail will be sent free. Write for it to-day.

Royal College of Science Dept. 3, Toronto, Ont.



WHAT DID BETTY BUY?

COPY OF BETTY'S LETTER

Dear Mr. Simpson

You know Clara Green, don't you? WELL SHE WANTED TO BE A NURSE. What do you think of that? OF COURSE SHE WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO APE A SISTER OF MINE. However she left for Toronto taking her maid Topsy to carry her luggage. When they got to the station the train was pulling out. THEY RAN SO FAST TOPSY RUPTURED A BLOOD VESSEL IN HER LEG. However Clara got on the train alright. Then what do you think happened? SHE TUMBLED AND FELL PEL-MEL ON HER BAGGAGE. Isn't that funny? I BET SHE WANTED TO BAN A NASTY ENGINEER FOR JERKING THE TRAIN SO. She soon got herself in order and reached her seat safely. SHE TOOK OUT A BOOK BY CHARLES LAMB READ A PAGE AND FELL ASLEEP. On arriving in Toronto she woke with a start, and hurried off. Her baggage was heavy and looked a burden. A NICE CHAP PLEADED TO HELP HER. She refused to let him as he was a stranger. But after walking two blocks she was tired out. THEN SHE THOUGHT HERSELF A SIMPLE MONSTER FOR REFUSING HIS HELP. She finally reached the Training School and registered. But she didn't like it a bit. She felt very blue. IN FACT AT HER DINNER SHE ATE A VERY LITTLE. She fought with her room mate. IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY FOR ANGER SHE LEFT. However before going home she bought a new dress at Smith's store. When she tried it on at Smith's store. SO SHE TOOK IT TO SMITH'S ALTERATION ROOM FOR CHANGES. Even then it didn't fit, and she wouldn't keep it. SO APPLYING FOR REFUND SHE GOT HER MONEY BACK. Then she took the next train for home. Isn't that an interesting story?

Betty Beatty.

PUZZLE

FIND ABOVE THE NAMES OF 12 ARTICLES SOLD IN A GROCERY STORE

John Simpson was amazed when he read the above letter, which Betty Beatty had handed him. "Our order is in that letter" said Betty. "I've hidden the name of each article I've come to buy in each of the underlined sentences. Puzzle it out and I'll tell you the quantities." "Well" said Mr. Simpson "I can't find the name of a single article in my store, that is mentioned in your note." "Of course you can't" said Betty. But here's the clue. In each underlined sentence I've hidden one name. It is only the name of a grocery, fruit or vegetable and there is just one thing in each sentence. The letters aren't jumbled and all you have to do is to find the right letter to start on. For instance, if you start on the letter "B" in the fifth word of the first underlined sentence you will quickly see B-E-A-N. That's the name of one of the things I want. There are twelve items altogether, and the name of each one is hidden in one of the underlined sentences. So now what do I want? Find the names and you get the order." John Simpson puzzled the letter out and got the order. Can you do as well? If you can mail your answers at once. Over $2,500.00 in prizes and rewards is being given. Remember there are no trade mark names or products of any particular manufacturer. In many cases, as in the first underlined sentence, the single name as "Bean" and not the plural "Beans" is used. Be very careful, therefore, if you find the names to spell them exactly as they appear in the sentence.

WIN! $2500.00 in Prizes

THE PRIZES

1st. Prize- Ford, Sedan, Value $990.00
2nd. Prize- Ford Touring, Value $565.00
3rd. Prize - $200.00
4th. Prize - $100.00
5th. Prize - $ 50.00
6th. Prize - $ 25.00
7th. Prize - $ 15.00
8th. Prize - $ 10.00
9th. Prize - $ 8.00
10th. Prize - $ 7.00
11th. Prize - $ 5.00
12th. Prize - $ 5.00
13th. Prize - $ 5.00
14th. Prize - $5.00
15th. Prize - $4.00
16th. Prize - $4.00
17th. Prize - $4.00
18th. Prize - $3.00
19th. Prize - $3.00
20th. Prize - $2.00
21st. Prize - $2.00
22nd. Prize - $2.00
23rd. Prize - $2.00
24th. Prize - $2.00
25th. Prize $2.00
And 50 extra cash prizes of $1.00 each

1st Prize FORD SEDAN

Value $990 00

2nd. Prize Ford Touring Car

Value $565 00

THIS GREAT CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

There is nothing to pay—nothing to buy!

This wonderful Contest is nothing more nor less than a great advertising and introduction campaign. It is absolutely free of expense. You may enter and win the best of the prizes without spending a single cent of your money. You do not have to buy anything, or subscribe to anything, in order to compete.

The Contest is conducted by the Continental Publishing Co. Limited, one of the strongest and best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness.

Three independent judges, having no connection of any kind with this firm, will judge the answers at the close of the Contest, and award the prizes. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.

In sending your solution use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the upper left hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers use a seperate sheet of paper.

The answers gaining 240 points will win first prize. You get 110 points if you find all the words correctly (10 points for each correct answer, excepting which is given 20 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling, 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling a simple condition of the Contest. This condition is only that you assist in the big advertising campaign by showing a copy of Everywoman's World, Canada's greatest Magazine (which we will send you post paid) to just four friends or neighbors, who will appreciate this really worth while Canadian publication and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time. The Contest will close at 6 p.m. June 30th, 1922, immediately after which the judges will start to judge the answers and award the prizes.

DON'T DELAY! Send your answer today. This announcement may not appear in this paper again. Address The Contest Manager, Department 3 Continental Publishing Co. Limited, Toronto Ont.

Are You Going To Win That $990.00 Ford Sedan?

Everywoman's World Will Soon Give Away Two beautiful Cars And Hundreds Of Dollars In Cash Prizes.

YOU CAN WIN!

See The Great Puzzle Contest in the opposite column. Let these letters from former pirze winners guide you to success.

Soldier Boy won $740.00 cash prize

1304 Quamichan Ave.,
Victoria, B. C., June 30th, 1920
The Continental Publishing Co., Ltd.,
Toronto, Ont.

A. L. Davidson

Gentlemen :—

I beg to be allowed to express my appreciation of the courteous treatment I have received in my dealings with your Company.

I have just received a telegram and letter of confirmation from you stating I have been awarded Second Prize in the Mary Pickford Contest. I should be glad to receive your cheque for $740.00 in lieu of the car as I intend to use the cash in setting myself up in business.

Yours sincerely,
A. L. DAVIDSON.

READ HIS NEXT LETTER

The Continental Publishing Co.
Toronto, Ontario.

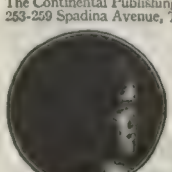
Gentlemen:—

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your cheque for $740.00 which has duly arrived. I am sincere indeed in my best wishes for your publication, that is "Everywoman's World" in Everywoman's home.

Yours faithfully,
A. L. DAVIDSON.

Young lady won Chevrolet Touring Car 1st prize

Clarkson, Ont., July 5th, 1920.
The Continental Publishing Co.,
253-259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont.



Etta Durie

Gentlemen:—

You may believe with what pleasant surprise and gratification I received your telegram of 22nd ulto. advising me of my success in your Mary Pickford Contest. I must thank you also for your kind letter of congratulations and for your promptness in advising me and consideration in offering the option of cash in lieu of the automobile, which privilege I shall be pleased to accept.

In forwarding cheque you will note my change of address, which explains my regrettable delay.

Very sincerely yours
ETTA DURIE.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZE WINNERS IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA WOULD ADVISE YOU to try for a prize in an Everywoman's World Contest. DO NOT MISS your opportunity. If you can solve the problem send your solution today.

Won $450.00 Piano

Montreal, P. Q., May 14th, 1916.

Mrs. F. Clarke, Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir,—

I cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive your telegram and to learn I had been awarded the second prize. It certainly was a surprise and a great pleasure to me to find that I had won a $150.00 prize.

I am sending my photograph with this letter and I would very much appreciate it if you will kindly return same when you have finished with it, as I have no copy. It will be one of my greatest pleasures to tell all my friends of my good fortune and persuade them to read our fine woman's magazine.

Wishing you every success and assuring you of my endeavors to increase the popularity of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. I remain your happy contestant,

MRS. FLORENCE CLARK

Do not fail to read this letter

1353 Lorne St., Regina Sask.

Vincent Howell Regina, Sask

Dear Sirs:—

I am pleased beyond measure to acknowledge receipt of your wire of the 5th inst., informing me that I was the successful winner of the First prize in the great "Hun Beating Contest."

It would be impossible, gentlemen, for you to visualize my complete happiness in the receipt of such glad tidings. Sufficient to say that I was absolutely dumb-founded with joy. Please convey to your judges my sincere appreciation and thanks for the great honour which they have bestowed upon me.

I only hope that my great success in this contest will be an inspiration as well as an inducement to others to try their luck. To such that may seem so inclined I would say, keep hammering; if you fail in one—try the next. Keep at it. Patience and perseverance overcome many obstacles. Before closing, I wish to thank you for your courtesy, and hoping to hear from you at the earliest possible date.

VINCENT HOWELL

If one would stop to think it would be easy to understand how a great Publishing House whose magazines have over 130,000 Readers throughout Canada, find that it is excellent and paying advertising to conduct these interesting contests and distribute prizes among its friends and readers. You should take advantage of the opportunity that is now yours.

WIN This Real-Gasoline Auto for Boys and Girls

$150.00 in other Prizes

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

FIRST PRIZE

A Genuine Motor Car—Not a Toy!

Has real pneumatic tires steering wheel and gears and springs, powerful brake. Easy to drive. Uses little gasoline.

Teacher put 30 squares on the blackboard and in 15 of the squares she put figures. Then she said to the class "These figures can be made to spell out three words. The three words will tell you who is going to be first this month. It's a hard puzzle but it can be done and there are wonderful prizes for the boys and girls who can solve it. Now what is the answer?

HOW TO SOLVE IT

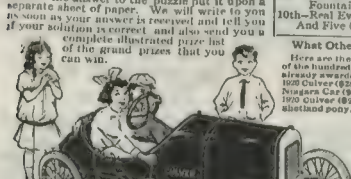
Each figure represents a letter. The number in each square indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance "A" would be represented by the figure 1, because it is the first letter of the alphabet, "B" would be indicated by the figure 2, because it is the second letter of the alphabet, "C" would be indicated by the figure 3, and so on. Look at the figure 20 in the first square. It represents "T" because "T" is the twentieth letter of the alphabet. Now get a pencil and paper, figure out what letter the number in each square stands for and when you have them all, arrange them in their proper rotation, so as to spell out the three words called for. It is not an easy puzzle, but with patience and diligence it can be done and if you can solve it correctly, you may win this real Gasoline Driven Motor Car, or one of the other fine prizes.

20	5	8		
19	13	18	1	5
20	19	20		
21	16	9	16	12

PRIZE LIST

PRIZE	VALUE
1st—Genuine Culver Racer	$250.00
2nd—Handsome Bicycle, boy's or girl's style	50.00
3rd—Genuine Gold-filled Boy's Watch	25.00
4th—Beautiful Girl's Wrist Watch, genuine gold-filled	25.00
5th—Real Autographic Folding Kodak	20.00
6th—Moving Picture Machine with Charlie Chaplin film	10.00
7th—Lovely Doll Carriage and big beauty Sleeping Doll	6.00
8th—Solid gold 14k Signet Ring for boy or girl	5.00
9th—Genuine Waterman Self-filling Fountain Pen	2.50
10th—Real Eversharp Silver Pencil	1.50
And Five Cash Prizes at $1.00 each	

Copy your answer upon a plain sheet of paper as neatly as you can because neatness, spelling, your writing, punctuations and general appearance of your answer count in the final awarding of prizes, if more than one is correct. Put your name and address in the upper right hand corner of the paper. If you write a letter or wish to send anything else besides the answer to the puzzle put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write to you as soon as your answer is received and tell you if your solution is correct and also send you a complete illustrated prize list of the grand prizes that you can win.



What Others Have Done You Can Do!

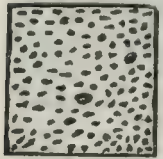
Here are the names and addresses of only a few of the hundreds of boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes:
1920 Culver ($250.00) Gordon Glasgow, Welwyn, Sas.
Dragers Car ($150.00) Mac Cassidy, Andover, N.B.
1919 Culver ($250.00) Earle Beatty, Surf Inlet, B.C.
Shetland pony. Helen Smith, Edmonton, Alta.
Shetland Pony Beatrice Hughes Hazenmore, Sask.
$100.00 cash, Lyle Henson, Hamilton, Ont.
$40.00 cash, Geo. B. Deacon, Balmoral, Sask.
$150.00 Cash, Hayden Foster, Leamington, Ont
$25.00 Gold Wrist Watch, Ada M. Durant, R.R. No 2, Williamsburg, Ont.

Young Gordon Glasgow of Welwyn Sask won the Culver Racer, 1st prize in last years contest. He dropped in to see us one day last August and the racer was promptly sent to him. His letter received this week. "I never expected to be so fortunate to win a prize, let alone so valuable a one." Fancy going to buy Victory Bonds with this money.

We will send you the names of many other prize winners too, so that you will be able to see that what these boys and girls have done you can do. Only boys and girls under seventeen years of age may send answers and enter this competition and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us. The contest will close on July 31, 1922, at 5 p.m. Get busy and send your answers this very evening

Address: The Prize Man: Department EW 253-259 Spadina Avenue: Toronto: Ontario

Count These Dots and Win a Phonograph



1st prize: Phonograph.
2nd Prize: Wrist Watch.
3rd Prize: CAMERA.
4th Prize: Printing Press.

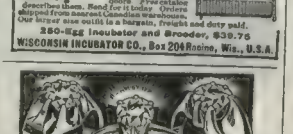
1000 BIG ELECTRIC FLASHLIGHTS

BOYS, GIRLS! Count these dots carefully, and be sure your answer is correct. The best way is to get a pin and make a hole in each dot as you count it. Then send in your answer to us, and we will send you, postpaid, 20 bottles of our "Floral Queen" perfume, to sell at 15c a bottle. Return the money to us and we will send you a Big ELECTRIC FLASHLIGHT, and for the Girls a Beautiful fountain Pen with 14k Gold point.

This prize does not interfere with the prizes mentioned above, which are given for counting the dots correctly, neatness, and promptness in returning the money. The phonograph will play any size and make of record and is not a toy, but a REAL PHONOGRAPH. The other prizes are also just as represented.

SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.

Lady Dainty Dept. E. Toronto.



230-Egg Incubator and Brooder, $30.75

FREE

For 5 Days Wear

We'll send you a genuine Gophir Gem, mounted in sol d 14kt gold, so you can wear it free for five full days. IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A DIAMOND—SEND IT BACK. Gophir Gems are cut like diamonds, stand all diamond tests, and are guaranteed for a lifetime.

Simply send your name and address for our new Gophir Gem book. Select from it the goods desired. After five days free trial, if you want to keep them, pay on instalments as low as $1.50 monthly. No red tape, your credit is good.

Send today for booklet, and full details of our free trial, easy payment plan.

The Gophir Diamond Co., Limited
Dept. B5 140 Yonge St. Toronto

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD SERVICE DEPARTMENT

What Does Your Mirror Tell You

If your appearance is not all it should be, give us the chance to help you!

A few of our readers' questions, which are of general interest, are published in these columns. All letters of enquiry are answered promptly by mail by

ANNE PARRINGTON

Moles and Warts.

Q. How could I remove moles that grow under the skin of my face? Also several warts which I have on the backs of my hands and which spread terribly. Please tell me if you can.

A. I do not advise you to try to remove the moles yourself. They are sometimes dangerous things to play with, on account of the chance that, in later life, they may give rise to cancer. The Toronto Department of Public Health, in the latest bulletin on Cancer, states: "In the case of warts and moles, particularly moles that project above the surface of the skin; these and warts that are exposed to constant irritation of clothing and so forth should not be neglected, but promptly removed." You can have them taken off by electrolysis, which if done by a competent operator will not scar or burn. I am mailing you the address of some reliable people who do this work.

If your warts are really warts, and not moles, you can buy a lotion that will remove them, and which can be spread over the whole hand at night, as it does not burn. Sometimes, too, you can take away warts by using a caustic pencil (from any druggist), but you must be careful with this, as it is liable to burn the skin if allowed to come in contact with it.

Controlling the Waves.

Q. My hair is very straight, and I should like to know of something that would keep it in curl. I can manage all right in fine weather, but the damp and rain take the curl out before I reach my work in the morning. Would you send me some of the wavers about which you spoke in the August issue? And tell me how to keep the wave when I have got it.

A. I will gladly send you the wavers as soon as I can get them, but at present I have over a dozen people waiting for them to come into stock at the store. The manager promises me that they *are* coming, but nobody quite knows when!

It is difficult to find anything that will keep hair in curl without spoiling it. If you could have it permanently waved, that might solve your problem—although of course the wave is not really permanent and on some heads will not even "take" at all. You can get what they call Home Outfits for putting in a permanent wave yourself—I am mailing you the Canadian address to which you can write for particulars. You could, again, buy curling fluids with which to damp the hair before using your own wavers, but most of them are very sticky and really make you look anything but nice. As you doubtless know, the secret of making a wave stay in is steaming, so if you wet your hair and plait it or put on a waver, then get a friend to put a comb under the curler and hold a warm iron to the hair until it is perfectly dry, you will find the resulting waves remain for several days. Again, you can put your hair, wet, on to wavers and keep your head in a very warm place until completely dry, which will have the same effect. If you will wear a net on damp days it will help to keep the wave in.

Freckles.

Q. Can you give me a sure remedy for freckles, that will not injure the skin? Can freckles be cured?

A. I cannot give you a "sure" remedy for freckles, because some people have so much iron in their blood that freckling tendencies cannot be conquered. If, however, your freckles are light and the result of summer sun, you may get rid of them until next summer by the constant application of lemon juice to the affected parts. If something stronger appears to be indicated, use the remedy suggested by mail. I have seldom known it to fail but of course it won't stop you from re-freckling. By the way, don't take tonics containing iron, as this makes a bad matter worse.

We Eat Such A Lot in the Winter

to keep ourselves warm in this cold climate. And the result is,

We Get Very Fat

at least, those of us who have a tendency that way. Isn't it a good thing that

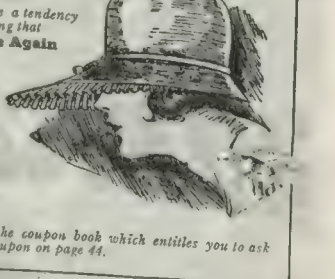
We Can All Reduce Again

if we want to?
How can we?
Just by leaving certain things out of our diet and substituting others.

Let Us Tell You How

Diet sheet, some suggested menus, and list of reducing exercises mailed on request to any subscriber who sends a stamped envelope and a filled-in coupon.

If you have not yet sent for the coupon book which entitles you to ask for service 100 times use the coupon on page 44.



It Came With My Baby

Q. Please tell me what is the cause of dandruff and itching scalp. Ever since my baby was born, and before, my hair has been falling out at a rapid rate. My scalp and hair are very dry, and I should like to know what I can do?

A. In your case the dandruff, with itching symptoms, is probably caused by a form of eczema or psoriasis, most likely induced by nervousness or sleeplessness during pregnancy or following the birth of your baby. I am recommending by mail an internal remedy and two preparations for outward application, one bottle of each of which will probably be sufficient to effect a cure. When the eczematic condition is got rid of, if the hair is still too dry, you can use a suitable tonic.

All sections of the Service Department may be consulted free by subscribers; non-subscribers should send a fee of $1.00 for each question asked

Are Your Lights Lovely?

(Continued from page 46)

at the back. Turning the raw edge under, this little bias fold was drawn across the doll's shoulders and caught at the front. A sash of pink ribbon covered the necessary sewing, and a bouquet of tiny flowers which seem to be held in her left hand, complete a charming costume.

Tulle or any fancy silk or metallic tissue, may be used for the overskirt in a colour combination to suit any room.

Shades for Wall Brackets.

THE shades in the lower left-hand corner, (both right and wrong sides are shown in the photograph), were made for the small electric candle brackets so much used on side walls. In a larger size they could be nicely used for even an oil lamp that is placed on a bracket.

Orchid coloured silk was used for the tight lining, turquoise blue georgette for the shirred covering and silver braid to finish.

Wrap all wires with the orchid silk; stretch the lining into place, pin top and bottom, stretch and pin at sides, then work into place all round pinning it at short intervals until it is tightly stretched across the frame. Sew all round to the outer wire.

The shirred georgette is cut in straight lengths, wide enough to reach from the centre to the farthest edge. The length required would be one and a half times the circumference of the shade.

Run a shirring thread in one edge and draw up to the centre, then pin in place. Pleat out to the edges, pinning each pleat in place until all the fullness is nicely disposed. Sew on the right side, to the outer wire; trim the georgette close, turn back the lining edge, baste, trim and cover with a row of the silver braid.

A lover's knot of the braid is fastened over the shirring at the centre, the loops and edge being caught lightly here and there to hold in place.

When this type of shade is made for use in a bedroom, the little rosebud French trimming, which comes in all shades makes a dainty finish.

Melon-shaped Inverted Shade.

THREE layers are again used for the small inverted shade shown in the bottom right-hand corner. First there is a lining of gold coloured silk; over this a layer of Paisley silk in bright colours; over this again, a layer of mulberry georgette. The result is a very soft and becoming colour with the pattern showing through in an indistinct manner, the whole suggesting the loveliness of Venetian glass.

Cover all wires as usual, with the gold silk.

The first lining, the gold coloured silk, is stretched tightly over the entire frame, pin to the outer wire and when it is entirely free from fullness or wrinkle, it is stitched in place.

The process is repeated exactly with the Paisley silk and lastly, with the georgette.

The two last layers are trimmed close, the edge of the gold silk turned back on the right, basted and trimmed and the trimming of antique gold braid is stretched tightly to cover the work. Tassels and cord in the same antique gold finish complete a rarely fascinating shade.

Mr. Peck (to his wife)"—Can you tell me why I'm like a hen?"

Mrs. Peck—"No, dear; I can't."

"Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday."—*Boston Globe.*

"What!" said the indignant old gentleman, "you want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, it was only a few years ago that you were caddying for me."

"Yes, sir," the young man replied; "but I don't intend to let that stand in the way. I hope I have sense enough to realize that a very bad golfer may make a fairly good father-in-law."—*Boston Transcript.*

School Girls' Nerves

"I give my children Nerve Food during examinations, and am sure it helps them," writes a Vancouver lady.

AFTER the long school term the children's nerves are keyed up to the highest pitch. The fear and worry of examinations are often the last straw which brings the nervous breakdown.

It is usually the naturally nervous child who has the greatest ambition, and by denying his or herself the requisite amount of outdoor exercise comes up to the examinations with too little energy and vitality left.

Fortunately the child's system quickly responds to such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The blood is enriched, the nerve cells are replenished and health and vigor is soon restored.

Mr. S. F. Flarity, Wiarton, Ont., writes:

"My daughter, eleven years of age, was in a run-down condition and suffered from a nervousness which showed a tendency toward St. Vitus' dance. I got a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and by the time she had taken three boxes there was a big change in her. She is much stronger, and her system in general is built up. She has recovered from her nervous weakness, and you could not detect a trace of it now."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is in a class by itself as the most popular of nerve restoratives. 50c a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Goodyear Cord Tires are lower in price and higher in quality than ever before . . . . . .

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Speaking of Prunes-

LET me tell you of an interesting table talk that I recently had at a club meeting. One of our members told me how each Monday she planned her menus for the following week. Then from her original ideas, cook books and magazine recipes she studied how to make and serve many old familair dishes in entirely new and different ways saying that my cook books had been most helpful in teaching her new ways of serving rice, fresh and canned fruits, left-over meats and vegetables, etc., which naturally was pleasing to me.

She gave me her original recipe for serving the old standby—Prunes—in a whip, by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It is so good that I am giving the recipe below.

PRUNE WHIP

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup sugar
1 cup prune pulp
Whites of two eggs beaten stiff
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 doz. chopped nuts

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put prune pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan, and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold or paper cases, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Send for My Recipe Book

In my booklet "Dainty Desserts" you will find other prune recipes such as "Oriental Cream," "Prune Jelly" and numberless other recipes that are easy and economical to make—yet each with some individual touch that makes it different and new. There are also recipes for meat and fish molds, relishes, salads desserts of all kinds, candies and invalid dishes. Write to me for it. Just enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

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"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX."

Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope

What Does Your Writing Indicate

It May Give the Key to Your Character, and in Conjunction with Your Photograph, May Assist You to Choose Your Life-work Wisely

A few of our readers' questions which are of general interest, are selected for publication in these columns. All questions for this Department are answered promptly by mail by

PROFESSOR ARTHUR BLACK FARMER

An Unusual Gift

Q I am eighteen and have finished school. I did not seem to have special talent for any subject and was just an average student, but I am fond of drawing, painting and out-door sports, though not at all musical. What work would you suggest for me?

A Your writing and photograph show a very happy and optimistic disposition, with a lot of humour and imagination, and a natural love of mimicry, such as are usually characteristic of children between four and eight years. They are most desirable and admirable qualities, but are too often lost as folks grow older, so you are lucky to have kept them so long.

Temperamentally, you are changeable, fond of companionship and entertainment, and very responsive. The kind of work I think you would do best is either kindergarten teaching or reciting and entertaining. If it is not possible for you to train in the latter work professionally, at least take it up for your own pleasure, and it might bring in a little extra money even then.

Three Daughters.

Q Will you tell me something about my three daughters from their writing and snapshots? They are twenty-two, twenty and sixteen years old respectively. The eldest wants to be a doctor, the second a nurse, and the youngest is undecided.

A Your eldest girl has many of the qualities that go to make a good doctor. She is a keen observer, has sympathy and a lot of independence. But to become a physician requires a long, hard course of training, which is no task for a person with a lazy bone in her body. This girl, I fear, would have to overcome quite a bit of natural laziness in order to succeed. Perhaps one of the newer branches of the healing profession might appeal to her, such as chiropractic, in which the preparatory training does not take nearly so long as does a medical course. Unless there is a radical change in this character I do not think she would have the energy or determination to get through as a doctor.

In the case of No. 2, who has thought of nursing as a profession, it is a question whether she has quite the necessary patience for regular nursing duty. If, however, she cared to take her nurse's training and then specialize in dietetics, she would find a field for which she is admirably suited. Her best talent is undoubtedly in the direction of handling foods, therefore dietetics or domestic science should be her final choice. In business she could make use of this special study of foods in a restaurant or tea-shop, such as are often started and successfully run by household science graduates.

Your third daughter is a girl of rather peculiar mentality; she has a splendid head for figures and a lot of natural literary ability, but a dislike of detail that will make her a particularly poor housekeeper, through her shirking when it comes to putting things away and cleaning up. Her best ability is along literary lines, and I think she would be wise to go ahead and teach school for a while, trying later to specialize in the teaching of either literature or history. She would be quite strong in either branch, and with the proper training would find such work both pleasant and more profitable.

For The Baby-Lover.

Q I am a widow of more than thirty, and find it necessary to do something that will earn money for myself and four children. What do you think I could do, that would not take me from home either in learning or practising? I started a course in shorthand and typing but never finished.

A So far as I can judge from your writing, your strongest interest in the world is children. If you could find something to do in connection with babies or little kiddies—the making of their clothes or toys, or even teaching them if you have education enough—you would be both happy and successful.

Your chief weakness is a tendency to start things and never finish them—a characteristic that would make bookkeeping particularly distasteful to you. You should select some line of work where each task could be completed at one sitting, or very nearly so—and here again the working out of ideas in connection with children would be suitable. You might study catalogues and magazines, getting all the ideas possible and then making up pretty little things for birthdays, Easter and Christmas. Send out some personal letters, inviting your townswomen to come and view your little display—which of course need not be entirely confined to the babies but might include dainty things for prospective brides, and so on. There are several magazines that contain lovely sketches of children's things, any of which could be successfully carried out by clever fingers. You could also undertake to cater for children's parties, making those special dainties that appeal to the little ones and that busy mothers so seldom have time to fuss with. I am sure a little thought will soon show you where your fondness for babies can be turned to account.

Slow And Sure.

Q For many years I have been dissatisfied with my present position, which is that of a labourer, but I am one of those dreamers who are sustained by visions of a better future. I have taken up several courses but only to lay them aside half-finished, to take up something that seemed at the moment more profitable, alluring and immediate. I shall never make a decent living at my present employment and would like to know if you could suggest any particular kind of work for which I am suited and which I may take up with profit and success.

A You are, presumably, quite mature, but you have been engaged so much in manual labour that your writing presents the same difficulty of analysis as does that of a schoolboy, and I should have to see your photograph before I could give you a really useful outline. Just a couple of points do seem to stand out, though—one, a natural independence, and the other, a sense of responsibility and thoroughness. Regardless of anything else, from these characteristics I think you would be wise to get into some business for yourself and would particularly suggest some line where absolute trustworthiness and reliability will be of great importance and will fairly soon be recognized. If you could start up in competition with a firm with which there is already dissatisfaction on account of slipshod and unreliable service, you would not be long in making a success. You are probably rather slow as a workman, but very careful, and for this reason you ought to select a line of work where carefulness, rather than speed, is the important point.

How to Ask This Department for Advice

THE aim of this CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY DEPARTMENT is service rather than mere entertainment.

The more complete the information submitted, the more valuable the service we can offer.

Sometimes much may hinge on the interpretation of a scrap of handwriting or a single photograph. In such cases we are glad to do our best, provided you state clearly the point you wish cleared up. But when any question of disposition, education, self-improvement or occupation is to be settled, it is always desirable that photographs as well as handwriting should be submitted—unretouched photos are best—and all other information that may have a bearing on the problem.

When Asking Regarding Your Best Vocation

Give your age, the grade at which you left school.

Any special studies, private, school or correspondence you have taken up since leaving school.

Your parents' education and occupations, and accomplishments.

How much time and money could you devote to further preparation for your life work if necessary?

Have you done anything to earn a living so far? If so, what?

When Asking Regarding Children

GIVE age. Present grade if at school.

Any special aptitudes or interest shown so far.

Education, occupation and any special interests or accomplishments of father and mother.

General health in infancy and since—any particular health troubles, after effects of illnesses.

What educational opportunities will be within reach? Can the child count on going to school until fourteen, eighteen, twenty or twenty-five years of age if necessary?

For Opinions on Other People

WHETHER a friend, employee, employer or in any other connection, give as much general information as you can, enclose both handwriting and photos, and state clearly just what you wish to know.

Rivals in Beauty

Why not? There are too few years between youth and babyhood to work noticeable changes in a young girl's skin. And a fresh, smooth complexion should keep its beauty long after girlhood's days have passed.

Give your skin the same care that you lavish on your baby's and the charm of alluring youthful freshness will be yours when she grows up.

You wouldn't dream of letting a day pass without thorough cleansing with mild, pure soap. (Most mothers use Palmolive.)

Treat your complexion the same careful way [illegible] the roughness, the little blemishes and the [illegible]ness of texture which so many women try [illegible]p with powder will soon be transformed into [illegible]oming freshness.

What every complexion needs

Once every day your skin must be gently but thoroughly cleansed from all accumulations of dirt, perspiration and excess oil secretions.

Powder and rouge must be removed, traces of cold cream washed away. Every tiny pore must be freed from clogging accumulations so that the network of minute glands can do their necessary work.

Neglect this daily cleansing, or depend upon cold cream alone, and dirt, oil, perspiration, powder, rouge and the cream itself combine in an impervious coat which smothers your natural complexion.

The result is sluggishness which soon results in a lifeless, sallow skin. Blackheads develop, dirt infections produce pimples, the filled-up pores enlarge into unattractive coarseness.

Such a skin is a disfigurement which cosmetics can't conceal. Simple cleansing once a day will quickly cure it.

You must use soap and water

There is no other safe, quick, satisfactory cleanser. Your baby's skin proves this.

Mild soap, of course, balmy and soothing, which means Palmolive Soap. Its profuse creamy lather is the scientific blend of palm and olive oils, the mild gentle cleansers Cleopatra used.

If your skin is oily apply this cosmetic lather without preparation, massaging it thoroughly into every tiny skin cell until not a trace of foreign matter remains.

If your skin is inclined to dryness apply a little cold cream before you start cleansing. This keeps the most sensitive skin delightfully soft and smooth.

Enormous volume reduces price

If we made Palmolive in small quantities the price would be high. Palm and olive oils are costly ingredients—they come from overseas. We import them in such vast quantity that the price is much reduced.

The Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the enormous and ever-growing demand. This reduces manufacturing cost.

Result, the finest facial soap modern science, employing an ancient beauty secret, can produce, at the price of ordinary soap

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